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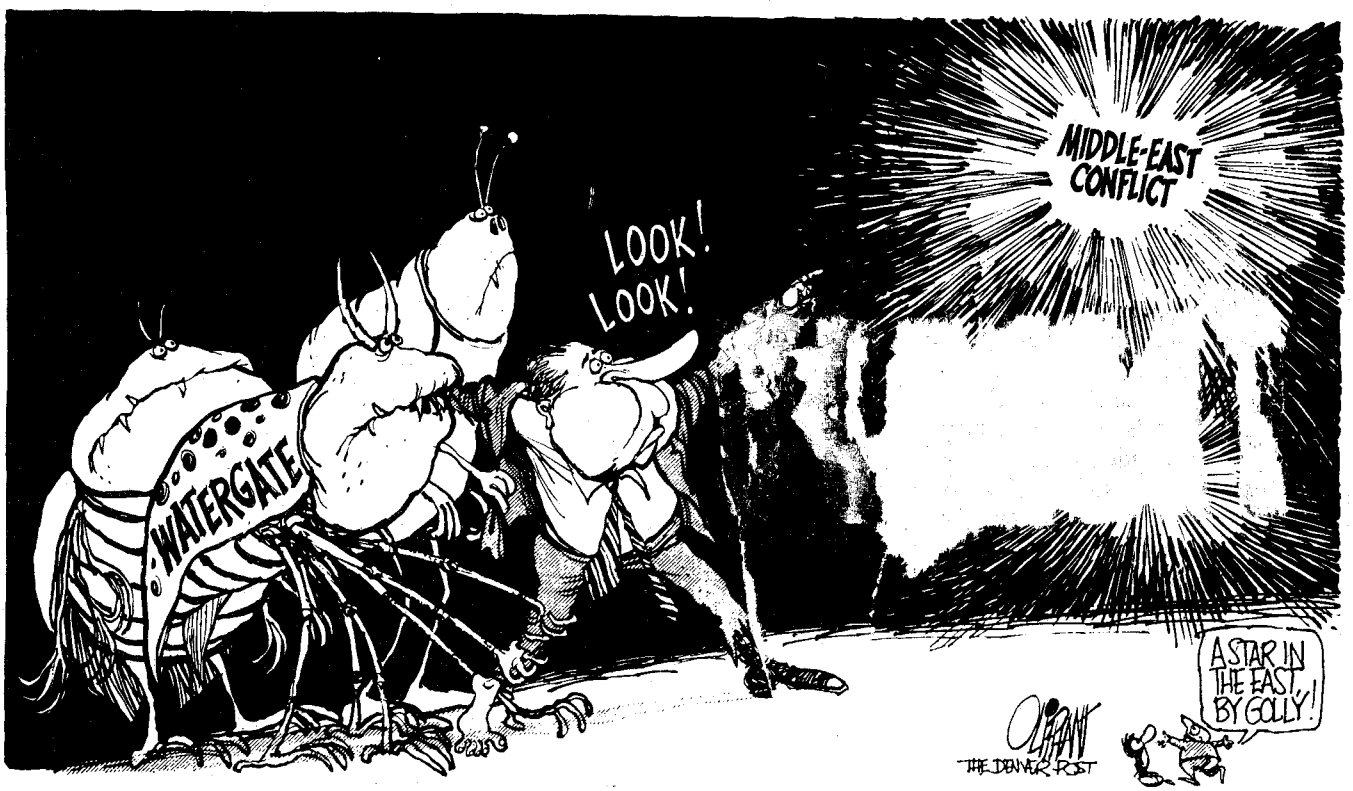
Confronting Nixon



The Measures To Be Taken

CARL McHENRY WILLIAMS

On the Armed Services Committee

A FRESHMAN IN THE WEAPONS CLUB

Rep. Patricia Schroeder

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EDITORIALS

CONFRONTING NIXON
The Measures To Be Taken

President Nixon has now precipitated the confrontation with the courts and Congress which he said he sought to avoid. Enraged by his inability to extricate himself from Watergate and the other scandals which have earned for his Administration the odious distinction of being the most corrupt in American history, he took advantage of the crisis in the Middle East to stage what was tantamount to a coup by executive fiat, carried out on orders of "the Commander in Chief." But not surprisingly, the wretched qualities which have surfaced at various stages of his career—low cunning, an obsession with "enemies" and a hateful attitude toward critics and opponents—are glaringly revealed in his latest political *Putsch*, with the not unlikely result that he is in more serious trouble than at any time since Watergate hit the headlines. But if he is in trouble, so is the country. For he has now struck out against principles of constitutional government which we have accepted, taught and practiced for nearly two centuries.

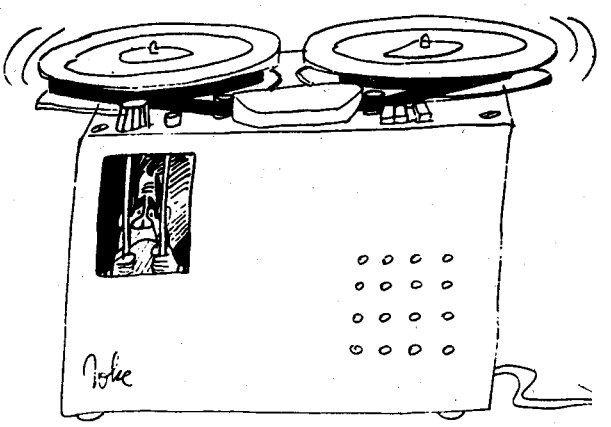
Watch the Nixon mind in action. His "compromise" offer on the tapes was, in the words of James Reston, "the trick play of a desperate man." He had said that he would abide by a "definitive" court decision on the tapes, just as he had also said that executive privilege would not be invoked to shield his aides in the Watergate inquiry. But rather than risk a decision by the Supreme Court after the Court of Appeals had ruled against him 5 to 2, he decided to stage a quick executive coup, under cover of the Arab-Israeli war and relying on the reluctance of Congress even to discuss impeachment. As he saw it, non-compliance with the Court of Appeals decision would be less dangerous than thumbing his nose at the Supreme Court's writ. An unappealed Court of Appeals decision would in itself be "definitive" on the issues, but a Supreme Court decision would have greater public impact.

So Nixon decided to play games with the courts by making what might be described as a "used car" offer to Judge Sirica. Part of the strategy was to exhibit an apparent willingness to compromise the issue of the tapes, but in a way that would complicate possible contempt proceedings and provide still further time for maneuver. The strategy was also aimed at shifting the main action to the Congress and, with this in mind, the "compromise" offer was cunningly contrived to split the Senate. Those Senators of both parties who had relied on assurances that Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox was to have a free hand would be less than enchanted by his ouster. But "Senatorial courtesy" and some foxy semantics—just what is a "virtually verbatim" transcript?—might be enough to induce the chairman and vice chairman of the Ervin committee to accept the aged and infirm Senator Stennis as "verifier" of a summary which the President would prepare. The Stennis bit was smart, a bit too smart. By historical analogy, Stennis might be regarded as the Hindenburg of this shabby plot. He has been a loyal supporter of the President's handling of the war in Indochina. He has been singled out for special Presidential courtesies and has himself publicly praised the President's stance on Watergate. Senator Stennis, it may be remembered, was told about the secret air raids in Cambodia but failed to acquaint his colleagues with what he knew. He is supposed to be a "monitor" of the CIA, but there is little evidence that he has taken this obligation seriously, if only because he believes the CIA can do no wrong.

But there was a deeper cunning in the "compromise" offer. The President had come to feel that Cox was "out to get" him, so Cox must go and he must go *at once*, before inquiries into the Rebozo-Hughes connection could be carried any further. He must go at once because some of the chief Watergate conspirators just might decide—noting the way John Dean had copped a plea—to seek immunity and thereby blow the President's cover. The compromise offer was therefore drafted in such a way that Cox could not accept it. White House spokesmen concede that the President wanted Cox back at Harvard and the special unit brought under firm Presidential control.

It is important to understand why the President has been so tenacious about the tapes. He has said that portions of them are ambiguous, subject to different interpretations by persons of differing viewpoints. It is better, thus, that the tapes remain in his hands. But more important, they are a means by which the chief Watergate conspirators can be kept in line. As long as the President held these tapes—and he had said that they would not be available to the courts—Stans and Mitchell and the others had an excellent chance of going scot free. Counsel would demand production of the tapes but the tapes would not be forthcoming. A summary would not be "the best evidence" and would therefore be inadmissible. So by guarding the tapes, Nixon commanded the continued loyalty of the chief co-conspirators, and could thus protect himself.

It should also be noted that the notes, documents, memos, etc., which Cox had requested would not be forthcoming. And we now know that the White House has



La Grilliere, De Nieuwe Gazet (Antwerp)

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been giving Cox a bad time by placing various documents in "Presidential files," the better to keep them out of his reach. It was plausible from the outset that the major Watergate criminals might ultimately escape unscathed—if, that is, Richard Nixon continued to tenant the White House. That likelihood is still real. And not merely Watergate offenders, but ITT—on antitrust and other matters—and many individuals and corporations who might have been indicted for violations of the election laws if Cox had not been dismissed. His staff will now be fired or absorbed in the Department of Justice. Not only have Cox's files been sealed but the seal on certain White House files has been lifted!

* * *

The President's last-minute decision to turn the tapes over to Judge Sirica is in the pattern of his previous feints and retreats. Startled by the "fire-storm" which the departure of Cox, Richardson and Ruckelshaus ignited, he has beaten an ignominious retreat. But he has retreated before and later returned to the attack, and his latest concession is less significant than it appears. One issue has been momentarily settled, but new ones have emerged and nothing is really settled. Yielding the tapes is "a single exception," we are told, to his insistence on executive privilege even where his own involvement is in question. The availability of notes, memoranda and documents—material which grows more important with each new disclosure—has not been conceded. The public still does not know the contents of the tapes and, in view of what has happened, its curiosity has been whetted. The offer of summaries to the Ervin committee has been withdrawn and the President is now charged with having deceived Senators Ervin and Baker by not telling them of his intention to fire Cox. So the committee will continue to press its demands for the tapes. The public now knows that it was not Cox who was "out to get the President" but rather the President who was out to get Cox. He was so eager to be rid of Cox and liquidate the special unit that he did not give Richardson a chance to respond to the ouster order. Under these circumstances, the "fire-storm" is not likely to subside. So once again the President has bought a little time, at enormous cost, but is still the captive of his own tricky stratagems.

What all of this constitutes is obstruction of justice on a massive scale. The resistance of Richardson and Ruckelshaus, which was not anticipated, upset the clever plot and caused White House spokesmen to express their surprise that the public reaction should be so intense. How, these spokesmen said, could the public so misunderstand the Commander in Chief—the more so since the Middle East war was probably started because Watergate had weakened his prestige and called in question his *machismo*!

Congress has been most reluctant to consider impeachment, but since the President will not resign, it should proceed forthwith to consider an impeachment resolution based on a charge of obstruction of justice, or at least initiate an inquiry into grounds for impeachment. The latter action, it would seem, is now in process. There has never been much doubt that grounds for impeachment exist. They have been pointed out in dozens of specifications, including those recently issued by the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Emergency Civil

IN THIS ISSUE

November 5, 1973

EDITORIALS

450 Confronting Nixon — *Carey McWilliams*

ARTICLES

454 How Israel Went to War — *Herbert Krosney*

456 Multinational Farmers: Good Climate for Agribusiness — *George L. Baker*

462 On the Armed Services Committee: A Freshman in the Weapons Club — *Rep. Patricia Schroeder*

465 The Alaska Pipeline: After Ecology, Monopoly — *Mary Clay Berry*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

469 Jacoby: Corporate Power and Social Responsibility — *Victor Lebow*

470 Fabre: The Unfinished Quest of Richard Wright — *Jerry H. Bryant*

472 Soyinka: The Man Died — *Charles R. Larson*

473 Jay: The Dialectical Imagination — *Zoltan Tar*

475 Galloway and Johnson: West Point — *Franklin R. Silbey*

476 Films — *Robert Hatch*

477 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

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Liberties Committee. The problem is to sort out the grounds—new ones keep bobbing up—and then, by accepting some and discarding others, prepare the strongest possible case. Impeachment no longer turns on legal issues; it is now a political question. Can Congress muster the courage and wisdom to honor its constitutional responsibilities? The answer will turn in part on the attitude of Republicans in Congress, but more particularly on the extent of public pressure and the degree to which other organizations endorse the demand of the AFL-CIO that if Nixon does not resign, he should be impeached.

That a grave international crisis exists is unfortunate, but a major count against the President is that he has tried to take advantage of it as a cover for his domestic coup. Nor should impeachment be sidetracked because the shattered Nixon Administration can no longer govern effectively; this is only an added reason why it should be pressed. And impeachment should not be avoided because Carl Albert or Gerald Ford, if confirmed, might succeed Nixon. The issue of the successorship becomes irrelevant when measured against the risks of allowing this dangerous man to remain in the White House. He has shown the lengths to which he will go in pursuit of his own political interests. Even if a formal inquiry should not result in a resolution of impeachment, it will serve important purposes. It will keep the President on the defensive and provide a means whereby Congress can extract the truth about his personal involvement in the scandals of his Administration. An inquiry of that kind could not be subverted by the President. The Department of Justice is demoralized, discredited and in disarray, quite apart from the fact that it will be most difficult for the department to press an inquiry that directly involves the President. We have seen what he does to Justice Department officials who will not knuckle under to his orders.

In investigating grounds for impeachment, Congress must not overlook the President's personal finances, possible tax evasions, sordid deals for campaign contributions and such intriguing matters as the $100,000 in cash that Bebe Rebozo says he kept for three years in a safety deposit box, where it drew no interest, and only recently returned to the Howard Hughes people when it got too hot to hold. Regardless of what Hughes's motives may have been, it is most unlikely that this money was accepted as a campaign contribution. As a matter of elementary decency, Rebozo must be summoned before a committee, placed under oath, and cross-examined in full view of the television cameras.

And Congress should take other steps. It should refuse to confirm Gerald Ford as Vice President; let the office remain vacant. The idea should not be to use Ford as a hostage but to reject his nomination on the obvious and valid ground that he is not the person for the post and his confirmation would only further weaken public confidence. It should also refuse to confirm any nominee for Attorney General until it has clarified the issue of the President's tenure. It should re-establish a special Watergate prosecutor's office under its direction and name someone of Cox's caliber to head it.

Congress can no longer shy away from its responsibility. In view of the President's personal involvement in the scandals of his Administration, impeachment is, as Prof. Gerald Gunther of the Stanford Law School has pointed out, "the exclusive, practical" route for Congress to take. Exclusive because the President cannot be indicted unless first impeached—at least that's his position—and practical because as things stand he cannot govern. It is impossible to restore confidence in any administration he heads; others cannot do for him what he cannot do for himself. His response to each phase of the developing confrontation has been such as to deepen the public's distrust of him. He may cling to the office for a time, but he cannot repair the damage he has caused or regain the confidence he has forfeited. More to the point, there is nothing he has done or said to date that offers assurance that he will not continue to pursue the dangerous stratagems he has used in the past. He may appear to beat retreats and offer concessions, but he always returns to the attack; he simply cannot be trusted to honor his constitutional obligations. If Congress ignores the challenges he has thrown at it, that might signal the beginning of the end of constitutional government as we have known it. Archibald Cox has defined the issue correctly: "Whether we shall continue to be a government of laws and not of men is for Congress and the people to decide."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Cease-Fire

Whether it comes on the 20th or 25th day or after the first several efforts have failed, there will be a cease-fire, and soon, in the Middle East. Neither side is in a position to sustain fighting of this intensity and destructiveness against the insistence of its respective arms suppliers that a cease-fire be accepted. But a cease-fire will settle nothing, and how long it will last no one knows. The circumstances are not propitious. The previous cease-fire could be policed much more easily than a new cease-fire in place. The lines now resemble a crazy quilt. Animosities have intensified; suspicions have deepened. Yet the prospects are not entirely negative. The Israelis are not euphoric and the Egyptians are not threatening to push anyone into the sea. Egypt and Syria cannot possibly believe that the Israelis intend to push their borders beyond Cairo and Damascus, and the prompt and generous response of this country to Israel's military needs should offer encouraging assurance that the survival of Israel is not at stake. Both sides should realize that protracted warfare, even of the episodic variety, is no longer a viable option; the price is too high, the risks too great, and the results could not be conclusive for either side.

To point out that the kind of deadlock that exists in the Middle East is almost beyond reach of reason and appeal to self-interest is both trite and depressing. Protestants and Catholics have been feuding in Northern Ireland for many centuries for no reason other than the belief on either side that the other is out to destroy it. Such beliefs necessarily lead to actions which reinforce them, and the more often they are reinforced, the more difficult they are to change. Nor can such implacable attitudes be uprooted overnight. Meanwhile, though direct negotiation between the Jews and the Arabs is imperative, the U.N. and the two great powers directly involved can provide a framework of temporary security and offer tact-

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ful guidance. The stakes are high, not merely for the parties but for the U.N. and the great powers. Specifically, the danger for this country is not that the twenty-five-year-old war will turn into "another Vietnam" but that it will lead to World War III. This time, world opinion has a right to expect that both parties will negotiate on the tactical assumption that each wants peace. Events may prove the assumption to be unwarranted, but unless it is accepted—if only to test the possibility of agreement—the negotiations are not likely to succeed.

Remember Penn Central?

The United States has become a country chronically beset by crises. Some are fictitious or partly so—a business crisis is often an opportunity for somebody to get something for nothing. Some, like the "energy crisis," make good copy, so the media are generous with time and space. In contrast, some crises, though just a bore, are real and serious. The threatened shutdown of the Penn Central Railroad, and the whole tottering Northeast rail network, is in this category. It lacks glamour, and the worst rail headache, that of Penn Central, has been around so long that the public assumes that, one way or another, the trains will limp along.

This optimism is unjustified. It is true that Penn Central has been in bankruptcy since 1970 and that most of its lines have continued in operation, after a fashion. One of its components, the New Haven, has been in bankruptcy off and on for the greater part of the century and, solvent or insolvent, its trains have run without interruption. In fact, it is now the Penn Central's biggest creditor, with a claim of $134 million.

This odd fact sheds some light on the situation as a whole. It is an intra- and inter-corporate struggle for money and, as Commodore Vanderbilt said, "the public be damned." One reason why the Penn Central is in the courts is that it was looted by certain of its officials, and until the very end kept on paying dividends every year, instead of maintaining its enormous plant at top efficiency and competing—as it might have—with trucks, barges and airlines. But even in its present decrepit state, with about one-fifth of its 38,000 miles of track considered unsafe at any speed, and freight moving on a substantial part of the rest only at reduced speeds (which is no way to make money), it manages to keep 2,600 trains in operation. It carries one-fifth of the nation's freight. This proves that the railroad is *needed*. The crisis is financial: the business is there, but the incubus of past mismanagement, among other factors, makes it unprofitable.

Since financial considerations govern, in theory, John P. Fulham, the federal district judge in charge, can order the road shut down. He is free, that is to say, to order a national catastrophe. It is unlikely that he will do so, but he is using the threat of shutdown in an effort to get the contending parties together on a viable plan. The railroad itself is not above a piece of blackmail for real or supposed advantage. It stopped freight service on 2,790 miles of substandard track on October 16 in a dispute with the Federal Railroad Administration, contending that it could not finance a $49 million rehabilitation program (over eight years). Two hundred route miles of this trackage are in Connecticut. Before the matter was hastily adjusted, business was disrupted in the affected area, with workers laid off in industry, warehousing and food distribution, etc. The action was taken on eight hours' notice. "It was straight, out-and-out blackmail," a state transportation official commented.

But this is a nondeferrable crisis; Judge Fulham will not stay his hand forever, and perhaps a little blackmail was in order. The Nixon Administration has taken a relaxed attitude, but the House Commerce Committee has before it a bipartisan bill drafted by Rep. Richard Shoup (R., Mont.) and Rep. Brock Adams (D., Wash.) which would create a new agency to decide which Northeast lines to keep running, and provide $2 billion in federally guaranteed loans to modernize them. Both men have good reason to be interested: 40 per cent of the lumber of the Northwest moves to markets in the eighteen states served by the Northeast railroads. Besides the Penn Central, the bill would salvage the Boston & Maine, the Central of New Jersey, the Erie-Lackawanna, and the Lehigh Valley and Reading. This bill should be reported out of committee at the earliest possible date, so that the entire situation can be thoroughly discussed on the floor of the House. There is no sense in letting a slow-moving crisis turn into an overnight catastrophe.

The Hiss File

Last July an order signed by Atty. Gen. Elliot Richardson appeared in the *Federal Register*; it was to the effect that, with certain reservations, scholars should have access to historical documents in the possession of the FBI. The reservations had to do with protecting investigative techniques and similar matters. It was explained that the order did not represent any departure from existing laws and regulations, but was merely an exercise of discretion which the Attorney General had always possessed under these regulations. Whereupon counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, representing Prof. Allen Weinstein and other scholars in an action to win access to the Alger Hiss file (see "The Hiss File," *The Nation*, December 18, 1972), inquired of the FBI if the Hiss file and papers fell within the purview of the order.

On September 25, the director of the FBI replied in the affirmative, but said that the papers were being scrutinized by a special office set up in the agency to deal with historical archives and materials. As a final step, Asst. U.S. Atty. Michael Ryan for the District of Columbia indicated the government's willingness to sign a consent decree in the Weinstein case which would require the FBI to make the Hiss file available to scholars such as Weinstein. Word of this action reached the ACLU shortly before Mr. Richardson resigned, but presumably the agreement stands. The implications could be quite important not merely for Hiss but for scholars who have long recognized the historical importance of the case and the need for further inquiry into the background and circumstances of the indictment, the conduct of the two trials, and the investigations which preceded them. It is, at this time, a special pleasure to be able to congratulate the law-enforcement arm of the federal government on a wise and timely action.

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HOW ISRAEL WENT TO WAR

HERBERT KROSNEY

Jerusalem, October 16

Yom Kippur is an oppressive day in Israel—and impressive. No one drives; most people stay home. It is a day on which Israelis, including the nonreligious ones, become Jews—that is, Jews who have a sense of respect for their religion even if they don't partake in the fast. Israelis believe themselves the vanguard of the Jewish people as an entity, but on this most holy of days they uniquely exercise a respect for their religious tradition as well.

My first intimation of the war came a day earlier. My secretary's husband is an army major. He phoned her at the office about 11 A.M. and I heard her arguing with him. The conversation lasted less than a minute.

"He wants his uniforms ironed," she said. "He says not to expect him home. There's going to be a war. I know it." Tears were in her eyes.

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. A co-worker told her the same.

"I know it," she said. "I just know it."

My secretary—not Dayan, not Golda Meir, not Chief of Staff Elazar, not Abba Eban—may have been the only person in Israel certain that war would break out on the Yom Kippur weekend. She proved to have a better sense of evaluation, and certainly better instincts, than the information section of Israel's highest command and Israel's political leaders.

Darkness came gradually and quietly, ushering in the Day of Atonement. Cars stopped moving. The streets were suddenly empty. In the synagogues of Israel the observant gathered to pray. The fact that the religious wear sneakers on Yom Kippur, for an obscure Talmudic or Biblical reason I fail to understand, seems to make it a holiday that comes in on tiptoe and then envelops you in a shroud. The radio and television are both silent. Each Israeli retreats into the womb of family or synagogue.

Motza Illit, where I live, is a fifty-year-old village in the Judean Hills some 5 miles from the Holy City. It received its first fame when Herzl planted a cedar tree there to commemorate the fact that he first saw Jerusalem from Motza. The Motza synagogue is set back several yards from the main Jerusalem-Tel Aviv highway, and the mainly nonreligious children of the village love to gather outside on the holiday to jeer at the occasional passing car and simply to walk with impunity on this main thoroughfare.

Everything was normal in Motza that Friday night. The religious prayed; others stayed home. At 11 the next morning came the first hint of war. A neighbor, a religious immigrant doctor from France, was called into the army. For the first time in his life he drove on Yom Kippur, taking his grayish-blue Volkswagen to Hadassah Hospital, where he works. Another neighbor listened to the BBC at 12 and heard a report of border skirmishing.

Herbert Krosney is The Nation's *correspondent in Israel.*

The sirens sounded at 2 P.M.—a long high note shattering the serenity of the holiday. Many eyes turned skyward; a few people headed for shelters; most simply turned on their radios. By 3 P.M. the Israeli radio was on the air. Between passages of martial music the call-up began—a sirenlike beeping and then the announcement of strange Hebrew code words such as "fleshpot," "red cow," "the fog on the roads is lifting." One could not be sure precisely what was going on, aside from the obvious fact that the hiatus of Yom Kippur had been broken, to be replaced by a fog of rumors, some activity and, for me, unreality.

At 4, I headed into town to get some camera equipment, on the way passing a stream of empty busses heading from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv or other pre-selected assembly points. A sense of expectation was in the air; Israel is probably one of the few countries that sends its troops to battle by means of a driver-owned bus cooperative. Egged's fleet of new air-conditioned busses was now at the service of the army, and for once Israeli soldiers would arrive at the front in style.

Small groups gathered on the sidewalks of Jerusalem: old and young, children, mothers, fathers. Many of the men still had prayer shawls slung over their shoulders, white yarmulkes on their heads, their prayers interrupted by the sirens and by the sudden activity on the streets. Many, also for the first time in their lives on Yom Kippur, were listening to pocket transistor radios. Cars bumped up and down the streets. The quiet of Yom Kippur had been replaced not by panic but by curiosity and concern.

I came upon a colleague who assured me that, whatever it was, it would be over by tomorrow. Nonetheless, with the camera equipment, I headed off for Tel Aviv to see another colleague, Ruby, an ex-kibbutznik and an officer in Israel's reserves. It was already dark when I reached Tel Aviv, and a blackout covered the city. Groups of men were gathering on corners and it looked as though the country was already responding in an unbelievably efficient manner to the call-out. A boom had rocked Tel Aviv in mid-afternoon, probably making all the city's residents aware that the situation was serious. (It later turned out that a Phantom had destroyed a missile, presumably aimed at Tel Aviv.)

At Ruby's the talk was of war. "It'll only take a few days," he said. "If it's war. But it's got to be war—really war." No one believed. And everyone believed. It was all too sudden. A number of people were gathered in the apartment. Ruby wished his brother, also an officer, goodbye. "Have a good war," he said. "Not too difficult. Take care of yourself." And the brother left.

We decided to cover the Sinai front with our cameras. "I'm a paratrooper," Ruby said. "I think they're only calling up artillery and tanks. It's not serious yet. It'll all be over before I have a chance to get into it." For Ruby, war was romance. And the possibility of death. And unbelievable: "Can you imagine a war in this day and age? It just doesn't seem possible."

At 9 the call came for Ruby. He, in turn, was respon-

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sible for calling up a large group of reservist paratroopers. He had about an hour of free time for filming, and we rushed to Lod Airport, where a trickle of tourists was already leaving the country.

"We got a call from our daughter in Chicago," said one 45-year-old blonde. "She was hysterical. So we're leaving." Another said: "I didn't want my travel plan interrupted. We're going on to Athens. This may be the last chance to leave Israel for a while. But these Israelis, they've got guts."

On the way back to Jerusalem, the highway was filled with private cars and busses. There was no moon. Only the headlights illuminated the roads. The country was going into war.

Sunday, the first full day of the war, was a day of frustration. The radio reports were vague. "Our forces are repelling the invaders." Reservists still gathered at preselected points. One car drove up to an assembly point in the Beit Ve Gan section of Jerusalem with a sign painted on it, "On to Cairo." I asked the fellow what he was going to do there. "Making a visit," he said.

It occurred to me that the road to Cairo from Beersheba might also lead the other way. But not likely. No one was worried about Israel losing—only how long victory would take.

I talked with a number of soldiers. One young officer: "It's just like usual to go to war. I'm an engineering student at Hebrew University. It's just like normal now." A manpower planner: "Of course my family's worried, but they know I have to go. It's just accepted that I'm going. No one likes it. . . . I have a wife and a 4-month-old daughter." An accountant: "It was a dirty trick, really a dirty one, to attack on Yom Kippur. But we know we have to do it alone. No one loves the Jews. It is only our power that keeps us alive, and we will have to fight. But we *will* fight."

Cars, busses, taxis—many had driven through the night, bringing soldiers to their units. One had to be impressed, once again, with the totally civilian character of the Israeli Army, the reality that, as Israeli politicians are fond of repeating, Israel's Army is its people.

On Monday we headed north, taking the coast road through Tel Aviv. In Hadera, a once-malarial swamp cleared by the early Jewish pioneers, we passed a soldier mounted atop an armored car and praying. He was on his way somewhere, but nothing would interrupt his prayers. A few drops of rain fell. In the distance, to the west, an extraordinary rainbow mounted the horizon. My companion pointed to it. "I think it's good for the Jews," he said.

At Bet Shean we drove up to a convoy of soldiers on their way to the war. They had spent the night there by the roadside and the housewives had prepared cakes and coffee for them. Some of the women wore colorful long blue dresses with laced embroidery, reflecting their North African background. It was hard to believe at this moment of crisis that a difference between the Oriental or Sephardic Jew, and the Ashkenazi or European Jew, really existed in Israel.

Coming out of Bet Shean, we picked up a hitchhiking soldier. He gave us our first shock: "They have half the

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

Mideast Détente

Golan. It was terrible yesterday. . . . They gave me the night off. . . . We didn't have any food for twenty-four hours. I was driving all the people down from the Rama (Heights). We took everybody out. . . . We'd stop one tank and they have fifty more. They outnumber us fifty to one. I don't know if we can stop them. . . . You hit one and they've got twenty more. . . ."

We delivered him to Rosh Pinna, where many soldiers were gathered by the side of the road. One sensed suddenly a fear, an uncertainty in their manner, in their eyes. We were entering the third day of the war and it was not going well. I talked to a few of them. One said, "It will be O.K." Another: "It'll be O.K. That's certain." I had the distinct impression they were talking to themselves as well as to me.

We headed down to the Jordan, where a group of soldiers sat on a hillside about a kilometer from the Banot Yakov (Sisters of Jacob) Bridge and watched the war with binoculars. The Syrian artillery poured in shells on the other side of the river within a distance of about 500 yards from the bridge. Little puffs of smoke dotted the hillside. None of the soldiers was smiling or joking, just watching. Israeli tanks rolled by to cross the river and ascend the heights. A Phantom was suddenly chasing a Mig-21 overhead, and then the planes disappeared over the ridges of the Golan.

We tried to get across the bridge, but were turned back by the military police, so we drove north, passing the kibbutzim of the Hula Valley. The explosions grew fainter. We visited Kirya Shmona, a city of 10,000, populated largely by Jews from Morocco and Tunisia, where bazooka shells had dropped the night before. By the time we headed back south some few hours later the firing had

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stopped. The Hula Valley seemed far away from war. The hills on the Golan were suddenly quiet; the sky was clear of planes.

On each of the narrow tree-shaded roads Israeli Army units were lining up for the counterattack. The tide had turned at least on the Golan. But how many boys from each unit would be dead by this time tomorrow?

Israel at war is a paradox of confidence and depression. Few people in Israel or the world realized how dangerous Israel's position was in the first two days of war. On the Golan Heights, Syrian tanks had reportedly penetrated in some places to within 4 kilometers of the Jordan River (this is not to say that a Syrian line had been formed at this point, but that some Syrian tanks had made deep advances into Israeli-held territory). On the Egyptian front, the Israelis were taken by full surprise and the considerable Israeli air power failed to prevent the Egyptians from crossing en masse.

During the first two days, Israel suffered casualties approaching those of the entire Six Day War and a considerable number of men, more than in the Six Day War, were taken prisoner by the Egyptians and Syrians. (The Israelis are far more worried about the treatment the prisoners will receive at Syrian hands.)

Nonetheless, every Israeli I know felt total confidence that the battle would soon be over. Perhaps overconfidence is a better term. But the realization that the victory could come only at a price brought a considerable depression to the country. Israel remains a small country of 3 million persons. Rumors of casualties were flying in the first days, at least until the official announcement after eight days that some 650 men had lost their lives. Every Israeli realizes that victory can be had only by the death of his son, or his neighbor's, or his fellow worker's.

The Israelis' sense of confidence in their military strength has, in the last few years, tended to obscure the relative balance of forces. On October 6 Egypt had 650,000 men under arms, 650 planes, 2,500 tanks. The Syrians had 150,000 men in their army, 330 planes, and some 2,000 tanks. Opposing them was an Israeli standing army estimated at 30,000, according to foreign sources; possibly some 450 airplanes, again according to foreign sources; and some 1,000 tanks, also according to foreign sources. The reserves, mustered overnight on the first day of war, probably brought the Israeli force up to 250,000 men or a bit more.

In this situation, it is a miracle of sorts that the Israelis, having given away the initiative for political reasons, could regain the military initiative at all. This they did by the third day on the Golan Heights and, after a waiting and probing game designed to play on Egyptian nerves, by about the seventh or eighth day of the war in the Sinai.

The Israelis have to ask themselves many questions. First, the intelligence one—why was there such an improper evaluation of the massing of Arab forces on two fronts? Second, why weren't Israel's reserves called up at least a day earlier? Third, why was Israel's political position so weak that they chose not to call up reserves in the belief that they might once again be labeled "aggressors"? Fourth, how could the Israeli military, and especially military intelligence, be so deceived as to the quality of the Arab soldier and, equally, the kinds of weapons in Egyptian and Syrian possession?

These are among the questions that will be asked here again and again in coming months. □

MULTINATIONAL FARMERS

GOOD CLIMATE FOR AGRIBUSINESS

GEORGE L. BAKER

Fresno

Mere mention of the Del Monte Corp. doesn't conjure up images of Anaconda Copper or the United Fruit Company extracting profits from the raw resources of undeveloped countries. Not yet at least. But soon we shall be able to add Del Monte and a host of other American food companies to the roster of extractive industries that pluck countries clean as a chicken. Like their multinational corporate allies, Del Monte, General Foods, Cargill, CPC International, Green Giant, Ralston-Purina, Castle & Cooke and other companies that monopolize the American food business, are plying the seven seas, scouting greener pastures.

And not only are corporate food producers heading overseas but the whole of American agribusiness appears to be moving lock, stock and tractor to outposts in Asia, Africa and Central and South America. Agricultural chemical companies, farm equipment manufacturers, cattle feeders, corporate farmers, packing and processing magnates, banks and speculators are joining the internationalization of farming. Their plants and farms are called "offshore production units," a choice of language that tells much about how they view their investments abroad. And if it is bad news for starving millions in those countries, it is equally bad news for American consumers, farmers, farm workers, labor unions and taxpayers. Having made the transition, these agri-magnates are relaxing in the balmy climate of cheap labor, foreign tax concessions, American tax havens, easy access to raw materials and U.S. export subsidies.

All this recalls the days when United Fruit dominated the political and economic affairs of Central America, monopolizing land, constricting use of its railroad, fomenting wars to protect its property, and merrily shipping Chiquita bananas around the world. But in many ways, the "Banana Republic" idea has been expanded and im-

George Baker is a staff writer for a West Coast chain of newspapers.

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proved upon by the latter-day mercantilists. Whether it is a food company exporting coffee and palm oil, a canner buying native mushrooms and shipping them to the United States, or a harbinger of the Green Revolution bent on increasing food production and modernizing farming techniques, the objective is the same—to create a unified farm economy that is interlocked at every level from farm to market. In a word, agribusiness. To grow crops for an integrated marketing system, a farmer relies on huge amounts of machinery, agriculture chemicals and fertilizer and technical skill. The company that sells or markets the crops develops a sophisticated infrastructure that transforms farming from an imprecise, agrarian enterprise to a modern, streamlined business. And binding it together all along the chain is capital, whether obtained from government or private sources.

That is what has occurred in rural America as Tenneco, Ralston-Purina and the others moved in to make agriculture the country's number-one business. "In attempting to teach parts of the whole of this agricultural infrastructure in developing countries we are exporting and adapting American ideas and attitudes which are the essence of American free enterprise, profit-oriented business," remarked R. Hal Dean, chairman of Ralston-Purina, some years back.

Never mind that many countries are not quite prepared to savor the fruits of free enterprise. That rhetoric candidly reflects America's tendency toward economic domination of less advanced countries. "The Green Revolution appears as the latest chapter in the long history of the increasing penetration of Third World agriculture by the economic institutions of Western capitalism," is the way one observer has put it.

These economic interests would have us believe that their efforts to bring order out of chaos will result in jobs for everyone, the eradication of hunger, poverty and illiteracy. On the contrary, their grand design to export American agribusiness will most likely sow discontent. Mechanization will displace rural farm workers, driving up unemployment in both city and country. Regions most favored by agricultural enrichment will be pitted against one another. Foreign sources of capital, needed to pay for the expensive farm equipment and inputs to make the system work, will become increasingly important. And who knows what will happen to the ecosystems of countries where new seeds are introduced and fertilizers and pesticides are sprayed with a free hand.

No matter where you turn, the evidence mounts that overseas farms and factories are turning world agriculture into a kind of extension service for American agribusiness. For example, from 1960-70, American foodstuffs and tobacco companies increased their overseas employment by 222 per cent, compared to a 7 per cent domestic increase, according to a 1972 study by Business International.

The value of fresh fruits and vegetables imported from Mexico rose to $513 million in 1970, up from $327 million three years earlier. Most of the operations there are financed and managed by American firms, fleeing this country to avoid rising wages. In the past ten years, imports of Mexican tomatoes have climbed by 210 per cent; peppers 284 per cent, and cucumbers 1,090 per cent. A U.S. Department of Agriculture study of the rising level of imports notes that the imports of winter vegetables increased from 329 million pounds in 1960 to a billion pounds in 1969. "As costs rise in the domestic industry, a real question arises as to how long and at what levels the domestic industry will continue operations," the study concluded.

One can find similar trends in other countries. Food processing in Central America, that area's major industry, is almost totally dominated by American firms. From 1958 to 1967, 187 major U.S. companies made thirty-nine new manufacturing investments in processing businesses there, or 30.5 per cent of the total number of new manufacturing investments. An abbreviated list includes W.R. Grace, Chase (Manhattan) International Investment Co., Pacific Vegetable Oil Co., McCormick & Co., General Mills, Kellogg Corp., Foremost-McKesson and Nabisco.

In Argentina, the largest exporter of feed grains is Cargill, Inc., the Midwestern giant that figured so prominently in the Russian wheat deal. In Hawaii, pineapple, the state's number-two agricultural product (annual payroll $52 million, annual value $127 million), is slowly being phased out as Del Monte and Dole (a subsidiary of Castle & Cooke), move to the Philippines, Thailand and Kenya. Helped by investments from Green Giant, Taiwan has emerged as a major Far Eastern exporter of numerous vegetables, including mushrooms, whose appearance in our markets threatens to ruin domestic producers.

One of Australia's biggest cotton producers is the J.G. Boswell Co., a California company that for several years received the nation's largest federal cotton subsidies. The King Ranch, a legend of the Texas plains, has found a new frontier—in Saudi Arabia where it is raising cattle on 50,000 acres, both for domestic and export consumption. The Bank of America, the world's largest commercial bank, to make sure that its foreign investments don't go sour, is helping to found the Latin American Agribusiness Development Corp. (LAAD), which loans money to deserving farmers and businessmen.

As the world's largest canner of fruits and vegetables, the San Francisco-based Del Monte epitomizes the worldwide sweep of the American food business. In addition to canning and selling more than 200 products from applesauce to zucchini, it owns or operates 132,700 acres in the United States, Canada, the Philippines and Kenya and employs 40,000 people. Nearly 25 per cent of its canned food sales and 35 per cent of its fresh fruit sales come from international markets. Its direct investments abroad total $60 million and it has sales organizations in 100 countries.

It is a completely integrated company. In the United States it has fifty-four processing plants, thirteen can factories, thirty-eight ranches and farms, one ocean terminal, six trucking operations, one air-freight forwarding center and ten distribution centers. Overseas it has processing plants or plantations in Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Hong Kong, Italy, Japan,

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Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

Kenya, Mexico, Panama, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, South Africa, the United Kingdom and Venezuela. It has two can factories abroad, nine tuna seiners and transport ships, and five banana transport ships. (In 1970 it paid $20 million for a portion of the United Fruit operations in Central America, doubling its Latin American production, giving it third place in the American banana market and pushing worldwide sales to $62 million, up to 60 per cent from the previous year.)

"Now, with the Del Monte brand image firmly established throughout most of the non-Communist world [the company's] seasoned international management cadre is starting to reap the harvest sown in earlier years," the company noted. Board Chairman Alfred W. Eames, Jr. told a group of securities analysts two years ago that, "like so many multinational corporations, we view geographic diversification as more than an economic hedge. The developing nations of the world provide a receptive climate for Del Monte's agricultural, technical and marketing know-how. International trade offers an enormous, fast-growing market for our established products." Eames wrote glowingly in the annual report: "Our business isn't just canning, it's feeding people. Frankly, I can't think of a more exciting and challenging occupation, or one less likely to go out of style."

Given the rate of crop disasters in the world, feeding people certainly won't go out of style. Each night a billion and half people in the nearly 100 developing nations of the Third World go to bed hungry. Perhaps, then, we should applaud Del Monte's commitment to feed the undernourished and clothe the poor. But there is an inconsistency between the globe-straddling food business and the obvious world hunger; it is best illustrated by two events of earlier this year.

On June 12 Orville Freeman, former Secretary of Agriculture, told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that the "global food scarcity may force us to tighten our belts, but in poor countries it may require forfeiture of life itself." And James P. Grant, president of the Overseas Development Council, testified that in those countries not only is food becoming scarce, but the income gap between the poor and the well off is acutely widening. "The bottom two-thirds of the population still have no meaningful access to health facilities; a majority of the population are illiterate; and urban settlements are mushrooming because of massive rural migration."

A few weeks later, however, Del Monte had some better news, at least for its stockholders. It announced that its fiscal 1973 earnings increased 10.3 per cent over the previous year to $946 million. "Earnings from foreign canned food sales and fresh fruit operations more than doubled, accounting for most of the company's improved position," read a press release.

It is only a seeming contradiction. When justifying its forays into foreign areas, agribusiness invokes the cause of feeding the people. But which people? A fresh pineapple airlifted from Kenya to England or a mango shipped to Japan may satisfy someone's desire for exotic fruit, but it does little to nourish those who cut and packed the fruit. And when agribusiness creates markets in the host countries, the appeal is to those who can already afford the products and not to those who most need food.

The impetus for globalization of the food business came in the mid-1960s when Lyndon B. Johnson, declaring war on hunger, enlisted the private sector in the battle. Soon *Business Week* was rejoicing: "U.S. agribusiness shows the way. American companies are putting agricultural and marketing skills to work in poor lands."

The most succinct statement of the agribusiness approach to the problem was given by Louis B. Lundborg, then chairman of the board of the Bank of America, in a 1967 speech to the National Convocation on World Hunger, sponsored by the National Industrial Conference Board. "The problem before us is not starvation but malnutrition," he told the industrialists. "The role of the private sector is to grapple with the very real, long-term problem of malnutrition. This means a step up not only in the food supply but also in the variety and quality of the diet."

This surely must come as good news to the governments of Bangladesh, Pakistan, India, Biafra, the Philippines and assorted Third World nations whose citizens' stomachs are inadequately filled with bread, let alone

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asparagus or pop-up Toastems. While noting that there are humanitarian as well as political motives attached to increasing the world food supply, Lundborg gets to the heart of the matter:

> Finally, there is the powerful and practical motive of self-interest and profit. Given the proper conditions, there is money to be made in agribusiness around the world—profits for both the United States and host country agribusiness enterprises and for indigenous farmers and entrepreneurs.

If the agribusiness approach is accepted "there will follow a natural evolution toward larger farm units, followed by the historical pattern of migration from the farm to the industry (or in the case of many of the countries, unemployment)."

Then Lundborg offers a candid summary of just what is involved in remaking world agriculture in the image of America:

> For the lesser developed countries there must be an understanding that we can help only those nations that are willing to help themselves. Like the problem of alcoholism, the patient must want to be cured—and want to be cured strongly enough to pay the price—and the price is to give up some of his most treasured illusions. We, therefore, must make it clear to the lesser developed nations that all our efforts will be channeled to those nations which are willing to take the tangible—and often politically unpopular and often difficult—steps to assure the proper climate for our investment.

In Iran, the climate is quite comfortable, judging by the rush by American companies to get a piece of the estimated 2 million to 3 million acres that will be opened to "homesteading" by a massive water and irrigation project.

For example, the Bank of America is a partner in the Iran-California Co., a joint venture involving a group of California farmers; Deere & Co., manufacturers of farm equipment, and Dow Chemical Co. which produces fertilizers and pesticides. These four partners are developing 25,000 acres in the Khuzestan Province, 150 miles from the Persian Gulf, whose agricultural potential rivals that of California's San Joaquin Valley.

The $65 million Pahlavi Dam, financed in part by a $43 million World Bank loan, is the key to development in the region. Once water is laid on the land, support systems must be built and, again, agribusiness has a vital stake. As David Lilienthal, whose Development and Resources Corp. designed the irrigation project, noted, "Many of the related processing and handling facilities are still needed, as are other supporting industries. Fertilizer distribution and credit systems must be further developed to support commercial agriculture, and marketing systems must be provided if the full productive capacity of this rich land is to be realized."

Presumably, the market Lilienthal should be talking about is the Iranian people, who, despite living atop the non-Communist world's third richest oil deposits, have one of the lowest per capita incomes. But that's not the way it's going to work, according to Hashem Naraghi, a California almond grower whose H&N Agro Industries, Inc., is developing 25,000 Iranian acres for which he sees a guaranteed export market. "Naraghi will grow alfalfa and early season vegetables, for which he sees a guaranteed export market in the countries of the Persian Gulf, the Soviet Union and Western Europe," noted *Business Week*.

Les Herringer, a corporate California grower and partner in H&N, is equally enthusiastic. "They develop the water first and we come in and farm it," he said. "It's an attractive arrangement." Indeed it is. And so are the wages paid to workers. While most farm workers in California make from $30 to $40 a day, the Iranian workers are paid $1 a day. In an interview, Herringer noted that H&N can buy American-made equipment through a loan from the Export-Import Bank, which charges a trim 6 per cent interest. And Herringer sees one other attraction: "The government is sound there, they're all pro-American. That makes it fine for us."

Another Iranian development is a feed lot being constructed near the capital of Teheran by the FMC Corp. of San Jose and Jack Harris, a California rancher. When finished in a year or two, the feed lot will be the world's largest, with a capacity for 60,000 head of cattle and 600,000 sheep. Much of it will be exported to England and Western Europe.

According to a Department of Commerce study, Iran expects to have $1.7 billion invested in agricultural development, much of it American money, by the end of next year. And considering the tax concessions made available by Iran and the loopholes in the Internal Revenue Service code, Iran is onto a safe bet.

The exports of Iranian-produced goods are tax-exempt. Income from products produced from dam and irrigation projects is subject to a ten-year tax exemption, as is the income from the processing of agricultural products. And, added Herringer, "When you bring in a dollar they [the Iranian Government] offset it with a dollar of their own in the investment."

The U.S. federal tax code provides a plethora of statutory loopholes—good for business, but bad for the taxpaying public—which encourage foreign investments. The most prominent of these provisions are the deferral of corporate income taxes and the credit against U.S. taxes for foreign income taxes. Combined with other provisions, they provide international business with a $3 billion a year tax break. The deferral provision permits corporations to avoid paying taxes on profits derived by foreign subsidiaries until the income is brought back to this country. And once it is brought back, any taxes paid to foreign countries can be deducted from a company's domestic tax.

Just as interesting are two little-publicized provisions of the code—a so-called preference for income derived in less developed countries and the Western Hemisphere Trade Corporation tax gimmick. The latter permits corporations doing business in North, Central and South America to have their income taxed at a 34 per cent rate rather than the customary corporate rate of 48 per cent.

Charles Ray Barrett of Fresno, Calif., who helped set up a feed-lot operation in Ethiopia, explained the first provision. "If you take an approved investment, approved by the host country and leave it productively employed

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for ten years, you can bring it back to this country and have it taxed at a capital gains rate. In other words, you can allow profits to pile up and at the end of ten years, you can bring them back for next to nothing in taxes."

In 1972, Del Monte had a total federal tax liability of $11.7 million on worldwide sales of $820 million. As it notes in its annual report, "In most instances these foreign subsidiaries pay lower taxes than they would if they operated in the United States. As a result the corporation's overall income tax provision is less than 'normal' United States tax."

A more equitable tax structure might have saved the jobs of more than 5,000 pineapple workers in Hawaii. Now the Hawaiian pineapple industry is dying. Stokely-Van Camp will close out its plantation operation this year and the other two major producers—Del Monte and Dole—will phase out a substantial part of their operations by 1975 and set sail for the Far East and Africa.

The chief reason for moving, according to the companies, is strictly economic. It is cheaper to produce and ship pineapple from the far Pacific than from Hawaii. In effect, they say, the Longshoremen's union, which has organized pineapple workers, has priced itself out of the market. In Hawaii, the minimum wage for a pineapple cannery worker is $2.69 an hour; in the Philippines it is 10¢ an hour. Del Monte and Dole might, of course, have prevented the glut of imported pineapples by supporting higher tariff restrictions, but that would have jeopardized their other offshore operations.

If, as Del Monte proclaimed in its 1972 annual report, this is the "year of the consumer," it has a strange way of showing it. Unit costs of labor at its foreign plantations are perhaps one-tenth those in Hawaii. Yet, as a U.S. Tariff Commission investigation of pineapples pointed out, "These firms [Del Monte and Dole] market the imported product at the same prices that they ask for their domestically canned pineapple." The same pricing procedures will be used for pineapple grown in Thailand and Kenya.

Closer to our own borders, American companies are reaping the same kind of economic benefits by turning huge, cheap pools of Mexican labor into tidy profits, thereby threatening several domestic agricultural industries.

By Mexican law, foreign firms doing business there can hold no more than a 49 per cent interest in either the land or corporate structure. But this has not prevented the likes of Del Monte from exerting a stranglehold over farmers just the same. It is not difficult to find out why American firms have moved en masse to Mexico, canning and shipping a veritable cornucopia of fruits and vegetables back to the United States. Workers in Mexico often make as little as $1.50 a day. "Given this attractive setting, lower production costs have been the most important single factor enabling Mexican supplies to compete effectively [in the United States]," said the USDA study.

California's winter vegetable industry has been decimated by Mexican competition and Florida's is not faring much better. A graphic example of this is the asparagus industry, which is slowly shifting its center of operations from Central California to Iraputro, 150 miles northwest of Mexico City. In the past five years, the Mexican share of the American asparagus market has grown from 1 to 8 per cent and is still climbing. Ten firms can and freeze asparagus in Mexico, but two of them account for 90 per cent of the production, and one of them is Del Monte.

Del Monte pays American asparagus farmers 23¢ a pound for their crop, compared to 10¢ a pound in Mexico. Because of the huge differential in wages, field labor costs in Mexico average 6 per cent of what they are in the United States. Since labor is such a large factor in the total cost of getting asparagus out of the ground (70 per cent), Del Monte has gained a 57 per cent savings by purchasing Mexican asparagus. Does the American consumer realize any of those savings? Hardly.

If Hawaii is a precedent, and there is no reason to believe it is not, the 34,500 domestic workers who cut and process asparagus will soon be looking for other jobs. Othal Brand, a wheeler-dealer Texas farmer and agbiz tycoon, who has extensive operations in Mexico, defended the imports, telling a television interviewer: "We do find ourselves and all others in the importing business are from time to time under attack and are criticized for bringing in a product in competition with something manufactured in the United States. It's true in steel, clothing, radios. I simply defend what we do in Mexico on the basis that it's legitimate business and needed business in the United States and Mexico."

Yet the issue runs deeper than the contest between free trade and protectionism. Of equal, if not greater importance, is the effect American agribusiness has on the foreign source of production. One of the most often-heard arguments for these foreign investments is that standards of living will be raised, agriculture will be brought out of the dark ages, and industrial progress will take hold. That was the rationale for LAAD, whose partners have a combined annual sales ($18.4 billion) exceeding those of many Latin American countries in which they operate. Putting LAAD together, the Bank of America brought in Borden, Cargill, Caterpillar Tractor Co., CPC International, Deere & Co., Gerber Products, Monsanto, Ralston-Purina and the Standard Fruit and Steamship Co., another subsidiary of Castle & Cooke.

When LAAD was formed in 1970, its purpose was trumpeted as being "to promote efficient production, processing and distribution and to contribute to the profitable development of agriculture in Latin America." It would do this by acting as a lending broker, using its own money or that of a government agency such as AID or the Export-Import Bank. LAAD was proud that it would not own any businesses, but would merely help firms trying to improve their profit picture. This was understandable, since the eleven partners already had a good share of the area's agriculture.

If its announced goals sounded rather ambitious, they were sorely needed. For while the growth of Western European countries expanded at an annual rate of 5.5 per cent from 1960 to 1970, the lesser developed countries, including many in Latin America, had a snail-like growth of 2.5 per cent, barely enough to keep ahead of inflation. The average income in Western European countries increased $110 in that same period, while the increase in the Third World nations was $2.20.

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But there are some justified reservations about the ability of LAAD to perform as it has advertised. "However hard they try, it is highly doubtful that the LAAD partners will succeed in solving the basic problems of hunger and malnutrition in Latin America," concluded the North American Congress on Latin America. "Their primary aim is not to distribute production to those who most need it; rather they aim to distribute production to those who least need it. In their scale of values individual need and product quality take second place to marketability and profit."

Allen Berg, writing in the January-February 1972 *Harvard Business Review*, noted a similar contradiction in the sale and promotion of so-called high-protein, nutritional foods by American companies in less developed countries: "Those who require the new foods have no money to buy them and most of those who have the money do not need them. A middle group, which may have both the money and need, is small in most developing countries."

In India, Berg noted that, through saturation advertising, consumers who must spend 60 to 80 per cent of what they earn on food "are sometimes seduced into spending a disproportionate amount of their income on canned baby foods and similar items at the expense of more needed staples." The major problem, he concluded, is the "inability to reconcile corporate profit with a product low enough in cost to reach the need in larger numbers."

That is one aspect to the depressing hunger business. Another is the capital trap awaiting countries which often have nothing but food and other raw materials to barter for goods or money. LAAD, for instance, has committed $7 million for loans to capital-hungry clients. This kind of capital flow has only exacerbated the economic woes of developing nations. By the end of the 1960s, the countries of Latin America were sending more to the United States in hard cash than the United States was returning in either loans or investments. The U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America reported that the net private capital transactions to Latin America from 1951 to 1963 came to $6.9 billion, while net transfers to the United States were $11.9 billion—not the kind of flow that offers an independent status.

Worldwide, the situation is worse, if that is imaginable. At the end of 1971, the external debt of eighty Third World countries was $50.7 billion, with $16.7 billion owed the United States. The debt servicing obligations alone went from $3.5 billion to $6.6 billion in the period 1965 to 1971, an annual increase of 11.2 per cent.

"And indications are that it will continue to rise rapidly during the rest of the decade," Sen. J. William Fulbright told the Senate earlier this year. "The debt service level could reach $20 billion a year by 1979. While the external debt payments are up 89 per cent over this period, exports are up only 63 per cent" and the gap is widening.

American agribusiness is in large part responsible for this situation, foisting expensive and inefficient machines on countries that have neither the technology nor the manpower to use them productively. A monograph published by the Overseas Development Council asked an important question: "How much mechanization should be encouraged before the exodus of millions of landless laborers from the Indian countryside threatens to plunge the country into chaos? Between the extremes of tractors for all and tractors for none, the Indian Government must seek and maintain some balance that advances both productivity and employment in the Indian countryside."

It is such a difficult question because of the immense pressure exerted by American firms and technocrats to abolish subsistence or collective farming techniques and to replace them with highly capitalized, highly mechanized operations that fit like a plow into a furrow of the agribusiness structure.

Both the Green Revolution and the "offshore" developments by American food factories have as their ultimate purpose the quasi-colonization of world farmers. Unable to penetrate the economies and governments of Third World nations any other way, American industry is using the device of offering salvation through increased food production.

Then there is the matter of the land itself—the most basic commodity in farming. It is a precious commodity in many countries, a commodity that with broad enough ownership can serve as a stabilizing social factor. Yet, in many areas it has had the opposite effect, enlarging the gap between poor and rich, chaining countries' agricultural economies to one or two export crops and resulting in the inefficient utilization of what little land remains. Why, for instance, should 2 per cent of the large landholders in Guatemala own 60 per cent of the cultivated land? Why should 90 per cent of the farm operators there be confined to 18.5 per cent of the land? It is no different in nearby Honduras, where the Standard Fruit and Steamship Co. owns 241,000 acres for its bananas.

With the kind of economic and political muscle wielded by these banana exporters there is little prospect for any land reform program that would distribute land to those who most need it. Even in countries where land reform is purportedly under way, the prospects for equitable distribution appear dim. In Iran, for instance, the Shah's vaunted "White Revolution" has instituted a land reform program "designed to . . . break up the great estates and redistribute the land to the peasants who had tilled it for centuries," according to an advertisement placed in *The New York Times* by the Iranian Embassy. Fortunately for American agribusiness, this reform won't touch the likes of the Iran-California Co. and its 25,000-acre farm. This means that 2 million to 3 million acres of the most productive soil in Iran won't be used by those peasants, but instead will be exploited by corporate farmers.

In the Philippines, another quasi-Fascist country, President Ferdinand Marcos' long-delayed program of land reform may free land for the landless, but it won't have any effect on most American corporations, including Del Monte and Dole. Perhaps that is because the United States will be supplying $200 million to $300 million of the $1 billion needed to carry out the program. And as always, the agbiz farmers have a lock on the most productive land.

While our farming leaders would like us to believe that large-scale land ownership is the only way to conduct farming enterprises, Orville Freeman offered another con-

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clusion recently: "Looking specifically at agriculture, evidence from various parts of the developing world indicates that intensively farmed small holdings are generally considerably more productive on a per acre basis than larger holdings."

That is one man's opinion in the face of a variety of forces that show no signs of abating, especially during a period of multinational growth and when the world is hungry. American agribusiness will no doubt rise to the occasion, taking national economies into its lap, and giving them tender, loving care. The only question is: can the world afford it? □

ON THE ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEE

A Freshman in the Weapons Club

REP. PATRICIA SCHROEDER

Washington

No member of Congress going through the military budget process for the first time can fail to be overwhelmed by the experience. The forty-three of us who are members of the House Armed Services Committee sit in tidy rows in the Rayburn Building's cavernous Room 2118 like the cadet and midshipman sections at an Army-Navy game. On the walls hang portraits of past committee chairmen —Rivers, Vinson and the others—along with pictures of the guns, ships, planes and battles their authorizations made possible.

On hearing days the room fills up with hats and brass and charts and squeaky leather shoes. This year the Pentagon asked us for $22 billion for things like the UTTA, the Tomcat, the Condor, the Orion, the P.F., the Trident, the TOW, the B-1, the Shrike, the SCAD, the CVN-70 and Site Defense. Thirty thousand people played some role in putting the request together. Each committee member was given five minutes per witness to find out why they needed it all.

Such interrogation tends to center on the qualities of the weapon itself. Is it bigger? Is it faster? Is it more maneuverable? Does it give closer, more comfortable shaves? Seldom are the whys or what-fors asked. Even less frequently are the requests tied to coherent notions of foreign policy. What comes into play is the military equivalent of the Peter Principle: the capacity of American technology to produce a particular system governs the nature of the Pentagon's request.

Weapons that were presented as the ultimate answer to strategic and tactical problems only a year or two back suddenly fall into place alongside the catapult and the blunderbuss. The Pentagon seems to feel that, unless it is convinced that nothing and no one is safe, the Congress will put the military out of business.

This year's acceleration of funding for the Trident submarine offers some insight into how these systems come about. Infighting between Admiral Smith, who supervises the missile end of the program, and Admiral Rickover, who seems never to have met a reactor he didn't like, led to placing the 4,000-mile-range Trident I missile on a spanking new ship, although most of the existing fleet of Polaris submarines could have been fitted with Trident I missiles to achieve the same strategic capabilities at a fraction of the cost.

In a recent report on the cost growth of major weapons systems, the General Accounting Office (Congress' governmental watchdog) warned that "Study after study has demonstrated that the telescoping of development and production has often resulted in slippages and overruns rather than shorter time spans between concept and inventory." To avoid such problems, GAO urged those framing the defense budget to "avoid concurrent development and production and adhere to order and sequential design, test and evaluation."

But the White House had no such plans for Trident. A year ago, the word was passed that the President desired some highly "visible" expenditure in the field of nuclear weaponry in order to keep conservatives in tow during an election year and in the wake of the SALT accords. As a result, the Trident submarine was accelerated, with the research and development and the production phases crunched together.

The ship was then sold to Congress as an urgent follow-on to our "aging" Polaris-Poseidon fleet, despite the fact that most of these submarines will be perfectly capable of fulfilling their missions well into the 1980s. We were told that Trident would be bigger, faster and quieter.

Size and speed, though, while admirable qualities for a yacht, tend to make submarines more detectable. (So, incidentally, does basing them in Bangor, Wash., where they must glide through the narrow mouth of the Juan de Fuca Straights in order to reach the Pacific. But basing them in Bangor can open some influential eyes to the strategic necessity of the accelerated program.) And since not even the Navy's top anti-submarine warfare experts are able to predict the nature of the technological breakthrough that will enable our enemies to track our nuclear submarines, producing a quieter ship may or may not be vital to insuring its survivability. In effect, then, the Congress was asked and agreed to authorize the accelerated replacement of ships invulnerable to present methods of coordinated attack with new ships not necessarily designed to meet future challenges.

I supported an amendment offered by Bob Leggett, an

Patricia Schroeder is a freshman member of Congress from Denver, Colo. A graduate of the University of Minnesota and Harvard Law School, she has been a practicing attorney and instructor of law in Denver; also an attorney for the National Labor Relations Board.

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Armed Services Committee colleague from California, which would have cut $885 million from the Trident authorization, leaving funds for the improved missile but returning the new submarine to its original schedule. It was one of a number of measures advanced by a small minority of committee members who hoped to restore a semblance of proportion—sanity if you will—to the legislation.

This minority initiative was, at the very least, regarded as bad form and seemed to be taken as a personal affront by a number of veterans on the committee, where membership seems at times to resemble membership in a sacred fraternal order. Differences must be resolved behind closed doors, just as the leadership apparently desires that the three services resolve their bureaucratic differences off stage and present a united front to the committee. Thus any enlightening dialogue is stifled on most defense issues. Options, alternative means of achieving the same defense ends, are rarely if ever presented to the membership. By the time an issue comes before us our choice is thumbs up or thumbs down, and the implications of a thumbs-down verdict are presented in the most frightening manner possible. If we err on the side of too much defense, we are told the result is a little waste. If our error is on the side of too little, it's Armageddon. That we might be manufacturing our own Armageddon by taking every suggested measure to avoid one escapes mention altogether.

The clubbiness extends, of course, to the Pentagon, whose witnesses are treated with a deference bordering on adulation. Those who oppose official views receive an altogether different welcome. Lt. Col. Edward F. King (Ret.), for example, rose from the rank of buck private during a distinguished military career that spanned more than twenty years. Now an outspoken critic of the misallocation of military manpower, he has appeared before the Armed Services Committee the past two sessions and has been as articulate, courteous and well informed as any witness to come before us. Still, committee members find it pertinent to inquire whether he graduated from West Point, whether he accepts his monthly pension, and how he was able to remain in the Army amid such waste for as long as he did.

Another witness, Rear Adm. Gene La Rocque (Ret.), brought with him similarly distinguished credentials as a former commander of a destroyer squadron and director of the Navy's War College. Today he is director of the Center for Defense Information, an important independent source of enlightenment for members of Congress who are buried under a sea of Department of Defense statistics. Nonetheless, La Rocque was denigrated during floor debate by one senior committee member as ". . . this admiral, who only scoffed after he retired." The words recall those uttered in Richard Nixon's White House when the name of Pentagon cost analyst Ernest Fitzgerald came up. That he had unearthed bungling on the C-5A program that had cost taxpayers some $2.5 billion was secondary to his having betrayed "the team." One is always tempted to wonder on such occasions who "the team" is playing against.

Committee acquiescence to each Pentagon proposal can

Congresswoman Schroeder

reveal itself in amusing ways. Like a folk epic appearing in different cultures, the wisdom of the Pentagon often finds expression by committee members of different political stripes. During floor debate on the 1972 Trident acceleration one Midwestern Republican told the House, "The Trident program is not a crash program. It is an urgent but orderly program for replacing our aging Polaris submarines with new submarines having greatly improved capabilities." Moments later his colleague, an Eastern Democrat, began: "The Trident program is not a crash program. It is an urgent but orderly program for replacing our aging Polaris submarines with new submarines having greatly improved capabilities." Altogether, the two ran on for seventeen identical paragraphs, right down to the last, "We must start building at once." The Pentagon builds redundancy into many of its strategic delivery systems, not the least of which is the House Armed Services Committee.

Given this atmosphere, the new member soon learns that mere logic is an inadequate tool. However useless a defense concept, however premature its implementation, however extravagant its cost, an argument to proceed is deemed conclusive on one of two grounds. Either the Russians are doing it and so must we do it to avoid falling behind, or the Russians are not doing it and therefore we must in order to stay ahead. In the former category one can include Safeguard and Site Defense; in the latter, the B-1 and the CVN-70 aircraft carrier. For those weapons systems that fall easily into neither category

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—the Trident, for example—there is always the bargaining chip catch-all. If we don't have it, how can we bargain it away?

What then are the feelings I was left with, the lessons I learned as a freshman on the Armed Services Committee, during a year when an Administration, badly weakened by Watergate and confronting a Congress allegedly eager to reassert its prerogatives, still got everything it wanted in weapons?

Lesson number one is that we are talking about strategies for cutting programs that are grossly excessive in terms of both cost and overkill potential. No longer is it necessary to discuss threshold policy questions while military costs stampede over us. We need no longer be apologetic about seeking to bring such costs under control. It is not reasonable strength that we oppose but unreasonable redundancy. Substantial cuts in this year's program were, for example, supported by such unlikely combinations as Bella Abzug and John Rousselot, Ron Dellums and Hamilton Fish, Herman Badillo and Mario Biaggi. The movement, alas, was not all-encompassing, but it was ecumenical.

Lesson number two is that first and second termers, particularly those on the Armed Services Committee, need not and ought not defer to their more senior peers. There is nothing personal in this at all. It is simply that my constituents elected me to work for sensible changes now, not twenty years from now. I did not keep my views on runaway military budgets secret in Denver. There is no reason why I should keep them secret in Washington.

I am reinforced in this conclusion by the sad national experiences of recent years. If we have learned nothing else from our foreign policy and political misadventures we should at least have learned the value of debate and dissent. Muting dissonant voices is a mark of insecurity rather than strength. We need the confidence to discuss military issues without bitterness. The wisdom allegedly acquired by mere political longevity can, moreover, easily be overestimated. I doubt that experience will persuade me that it is wise to spend $350.3 million on a Safeguard ABM system that is useless in the first instance and severely limited by the SALT agreement in the second. Or $100 million on "Site Defense" which is a euphemism for the ABM system to encircle Washington, D.C., that most members thought had been scuttled a year ago. Neither is experience likely to alter my belief that the $473.5 million authorized for continued development of the B-1 manned bomber is $473.5 million wasted. One Pentagon planner said all there was to say about this weapon when he compared it to the old horse cavalry in an *Aviation Week* interview: "Once the horse was replaced by something else, they didn't go on improving horses."

If anything, experience should have taught those urging acceleration of the Trident program that it is wasteful to press forward with production of a weapon before the research and development stage has been completed. Just as wasteful as keeping four and one-third divisions in Europe in 1973 when five full divisions were thought little more than a "tripwire" a decade ago.

It is also possible for the new member to become conversant with the dominant defense issues in fairly short order due to the superb work of groups like Members of Congress for Peace Through Law, the Center for Defense Information, the Brookings Institution and SANE, along with an occasional *ad hoc* committee consisting of former members of the defense community.

While it may, then, take me years to become familiar with all the acronyms and jargon in the defense lexicon —some refer to the Pentagon's vocabulary as its first real line of defense against Congressional oversight—I do believe the conclusions I reached regarding a number of pet military projects were based on solid evidence. It takes only a knowledge of recent history, for example, rather than twenty years' experience on the Hill to decide that the new super carrier, CVN-70, will become a floating war looking for a place to happen. Similarly, one can reach conclusions regarding the wasteful concurrency we have now legislated into our Trident program, the anachronistic deployment of our forces in Europe, the bloated grade structure of our three services, and the implausible "teeth to tail" ratio of our support and combat forces, without having spent a professional lifetime in the military business.

Lesson number three is that there are no panaceas when it comes to trimming procurement bills. This year, after our noses had been bloodied in every roll-call battle challenging specific weapons systems, Rep. Les Aspin, the brilliant second termer from Wisconsin and a colleague on the Armed Services Committee, introduced what somewhat uncharitably came to be called the "meat-ax" amendment. Notwithstanding any other provision in the legislation, the Aspin measure would have trimmed $950 million from the final authorization and required the Pentagon to return to Congress with its plan for apportioning the reduction. If Congress failed to act within thirty days, the Pentagon plan would have been deemed approved.

As a tactical maneuver the amendment had a world of appeal. By the time most weapons systems come before the Congress for major authorization, the bureaucratic trade-offs that led to their birth have long since been consummated, industrial and political constituencies have grown up behind them, and their discontinuation means a loss of jobs in cities where they are produced. The Aspin amendment skirted all these problems. It also attracted many conservative budget cutters, who would do just about anything to save money except reduce the number of times we can wipe out the world's population.

On July 31, the amendment passed the House, 242 to 163, much to the consternation of senior Armed Services Committee members who quite realistically regarded it as a vote of no confidence in their handling of this year's bill. Two months and one day later a similar effort narrowly lost in the Senate. As of this writing the Aspin amendment has died in conference. I supported the amendment as a last resort. I shall support it again, if necessary, but again as a last resort. While attractive for the reasons already discussed, the amendment is in my judgment flawed as a long-range device for reducing military costs.

First, it holds out the false promise that we will for-

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ever be able to develop new, costlier and unnecessary weapons hardware while still keeping reins on the overall size of the defense budget. This is, at best, a dubious prospect and, at worst, a signal to Pentagon planners that Congress is neither willing nor able to apply even minimal constraint to the galloping arms race.

Second, putative savings from such an approach are likely to prove illusory, even during the very session in which the measure is enacted. We are dealing, after all, with an authorization bill. The appropriation process still must follow. And each year the House Appropriations Committee can be expected to cut somewhere in the neighborhood of $1.5 billion from the amount authorized by the earlier procurement legislation. An amendment trimming any lesser amount from the authorization bill is simply an open invitation to the Appropriations Committee to conduct business as usual, appropriating such funds as it sees fit and cutting where it chooses up to its normal amount—minus, of course, what has already been cut by the amendment.

Third, the Pentagon is one of the most sophisticated, adaptable agencies in the history of American government, an agency which manages to spend more in peacetime than it does in war, which routinely converts arms limitation agreements into excuses for "emergency" weapons funding. That sort of agency is unlikely to be restrained in the long run by annual ceiling amendments. Indeed, they are likely to inspire it to build even greater quantities of lard into its annual budgetary requests.

The last lesson of my freshman year, number four, is that the annual battle in committee against excessive spending on weapons, while frustrating in the short run, should not be abandoned. Again I return to the fatalistic argument that, by the time a weapons system is presented to the Congress for meaningful consideration, the battle against it has already been lost. That is perhaps true when the incumbent Administration lines up forcefully behind the program and has as its ally an Armed Services Committee dominated by pro-military hard liners. Except when rare circumstances converge, as happened with the ABM system, building a national consensus against a particular weapons system is a difficult undertaking. Better than 60 per cent of the people nationwide are telling Mr. Gallup that we are spending too much on defense, yet only a relative handful has even formulated opinions on Trident, the B-1 or the CVN 70.

But consider what that figure may some day mean to a national administration committed to the reality as well as the rhetoric of arms control. Quietly, unspectacularly, losing a dozen battles for every victory, those who have been fighting each year's outrageous Pentagon requests have been creating a political climate conducive to meaningful reform.

While it harbors only the vaguest feelings regarding individual items in the military procurement bill, the public clearly regards the whole package as far too big. That sort of feeling will make it increasingly difficult for future national candidates to campaign on cold-war issues and increasingly easy for rational discussion of conversion and the economics of disarmament.

So I shall continue to vote against programs I consider reckless, wasteful and provocative, and to work against such programs as a junior member of the House Armed Services Committee. So, too, I shall continue to ask what the military should do, rather than what it can do. I anticipate that we'll continue to lose more arguments than we win. But should a candidate with national aspirations decide to advocate common sense in military expenditures, he is likely to find that some of the educational spadework has already been done. □

THE ALASKA PIPELINE

AFTER ECOLOGY, MONOPOLY

MARY CLAY BERRY

Five years of hassling first over ecology and then over energy, have obscured another element of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline controversy—the restriction of competition that is planned by the three oil giants who control about 95 per cent of the leased land in the Prudhoe Bay oil field and more than 80 per cent of the $3.5-billion pipeline by which the oil is supposed to move to market. Estimates vary, but these companies—Exxon, Atlantic Richfield and the British Petroleum-Standard Oil of Ohio combination—seem to be proposing a hold on approximately one-fifth of the United States' proven oil reserves.

This control of both the resource and the means of transporting it will enable the companies to set the price for crude oil on the West Coast where they, and particularly Exxon, already account for much of the domestic production. Their position, if the Alaska pipeline is built, will be similar to that of Texas in the days when it controlled the price of domestic oil by prorating. According to William J. Lamont, a Washington lawyer formerly with the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department and for several years engaged in an antitrust investigation of the situation, "Control over the pipeline and the related production agreements will give to three companies, operating virtually as one, monopoly control over the marketing of oil on the West Coast and a greater share of total domestic oil production than would be permissible under any view of the antitrust laws."

Estimating proven oil reserves is a little like quoting the Scriptures: anyone can find an estimate to support his argument. In the case of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline,

Mary Clay Berry, former Washington correspondent for the Anchorage Times *and the* Fairbanks News-Miner, *is completing a book on the settlement of Alaskan native lands claims and oil development in northern Alaska.*

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the oil companies first underestimated the North Slope's potential in order to minimize the value of their holdings and to evade the deduction that the proposed pipeline would be only a first step in developing the American Arctic. Now proponents of the Alaska pipeline predict enough oil to justify both this pipeline and a second one through Canada, while conservationists and Midwesterners who want the oil to come to their refineries rather than to those on the West Coast quote a conservative figure to support their contention that it is a question of one pipeline or the other unless more oil is discovered in the Canadian Arctic.

For Prudhoe Bay, center of the most intensive exploratory drilling, the figure generally used by the petroleum industry has been 9.6 billion barrels of crude oil, an estimate made in 1969 by De Golyer and MacNaughton, a respected Texas petroleum consulting firm, for the Cabinet Task Force on Oil Import Controls. Three years later, one of the North Slope giants, ARCO, began talking about 16 billion barrels, but the American Petroleum Institute, the official trade organization of the industry, continued to use 9.6 billion. But while the industry would admit to the existence of only 9.6 billion to 16 billion barrels of oil on the North Slope, others were less conservative. Even De Golyer and MacNaughton upped the figure to 25 billion. This guess is supported by information the Navy recently released about the results of its exploratory drilling after World War II in Naval Petroleum Reserve #4 (Pet Four) to the west of Prudhoe Bay. Prodded by Congress, which is considering legislation to open that 23-million-acre reserve to exploration and development, the Navy admitted that there were probably 14 billion or 15 billion barrels of oil there. The U.S. Geological Survey estimate for Pet Four is somewhat broader—between 10 billion and 33 billion barrels—and USGS's figures for Alaska's ultimate total oil production go as high as 117 billion barrels, a figure that includes other parts of the state. And the 300-billion-barrel figure which Alaskan members of Congress like to quote comes from their optimistic Governor, William A. Egan, and presumably reflects the research of the Alaska Department of Natural Resources.

In any case, there is a lot of oil. In 1971, the country's "proven reserves" were only 38 billion barrels. Thus, using the most conservative estimate, 9.6 billion, the North Slope contains about one-fifth of the crude oil reserves. "A junior Persian Gulf," commented Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.), whose Senate Interior Committee spent the spring tackling legal obstacles to the construction of the Alaskan line, in the course of which members considered and rejected ways to regulate the ARCO-Exxon-British Petroleum bonanza.

The oil companies acquired roughly two-thirds of their leases on the North Slope before ARCO announced in 1968 that it had found commercial quantities of oil at Prudhoe Bay. And these leases were had at quite a bargain—the $900-million lease sale in 1969 brought the state of Alaska almost ten times what it had made from all twenty-two previous lease sales, including three for land on the North Slope. Most of the leases acquired before 1969 are held by Exxon, ARCO or B.P., the major partners in the pipeline venture, or by a combination of these companies. B.P. owns or controls leases on about 55 per cent of the Prudhoe Bay formation; ARCO controls 20 per cent; Exxon, 20 per cent. The remaining 5 per cent is held by other companies, including Mobil, Phillips, Union Oil and Amerada-Hess, all of which also own small portions of the proposed pipeline.

After the 1969 lease sale, more companies became involved on the North Slope. Some are major integrated oil companies, like Texaco, Shell and Gulf (which holds its leases jointly with B.P.), but many are so-called "independents"—companies which are not involved in all four phases of the business—production, transportation, refining and marketing.

Obviously, access to the pipeline will influence future lease sales. No company is going to buy a lease without first making sure that it can get the oil to market. Both the state of Alaska, as the real owner of the oil at Prudhoe Bay, and the federal government, as owner of the oil in Pet Four, have a stake here, too.

In addition to holding most of the leases, as far back as 1964, the three major North Slope companies have made a variety of operating agreements which further solidify their control over the resource. The 1964 Arctic Slope Agreement between ARCO and Humble (now Exxon) provided for equal sharing of all exploration and development north of the Brooks Range and east of Pet Four. It further stipulated that neither company would sell its interests without first offering them to the other company. In 1968, B.P. became the beneficiary of this agreement when ARCO acquired the Sinclair Oil Co. which, with B.P., held a substantial number of joint leases on the Slope.

Exxon, ARCO and B.P. have also negotiated a number of unit operating agreements to insure the efficient development of Prudhoe Bay. Unitization, which is not unusual, involves pooling equipment and prorating profits and dry-hole losses among all the participants, according to individual acreage and reserves. In view of the cost of exploration and development in the Arctic (ARCO sank $4.5 million into its first well, Susie Unit #1, before deciding in January 1967 that it was a dry hole), unitization is economically wise. It is also a way to conserve the resource. However, as Lamont observed in a letter to Sen. Floyd Haskell (D., Colo.), a member of the Senate Interior Committee, "the situation is entirely different when unit agreements between these major companies could cover one-fourth of all United States proven reserves."

The Alyeska Pipeline Service Co., which proposes to construct the 48-inch, hot-oil pipeline from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez, an ice-free port on the Gulf of Alaska, is owned by seven oil companies. This, too, is not unusual. Most U.S. pipelines are owned by one or more oil companies. ARCO and B.P.-Sohio each owns 28.1 per cent of Alyeska; Exxon owns 25.5 per cent; the rest is divided among Mobil (8.7), Phillips (3.3), Union Oil (3.3) and Amerada-Hess (3). As projected, the pipeline has a top capacity of 2 million barrels a day. It was designed with the API's 9.6 billion barrels in mind. (Its capacity can be increased by converting the single line into a pipeline "system.")

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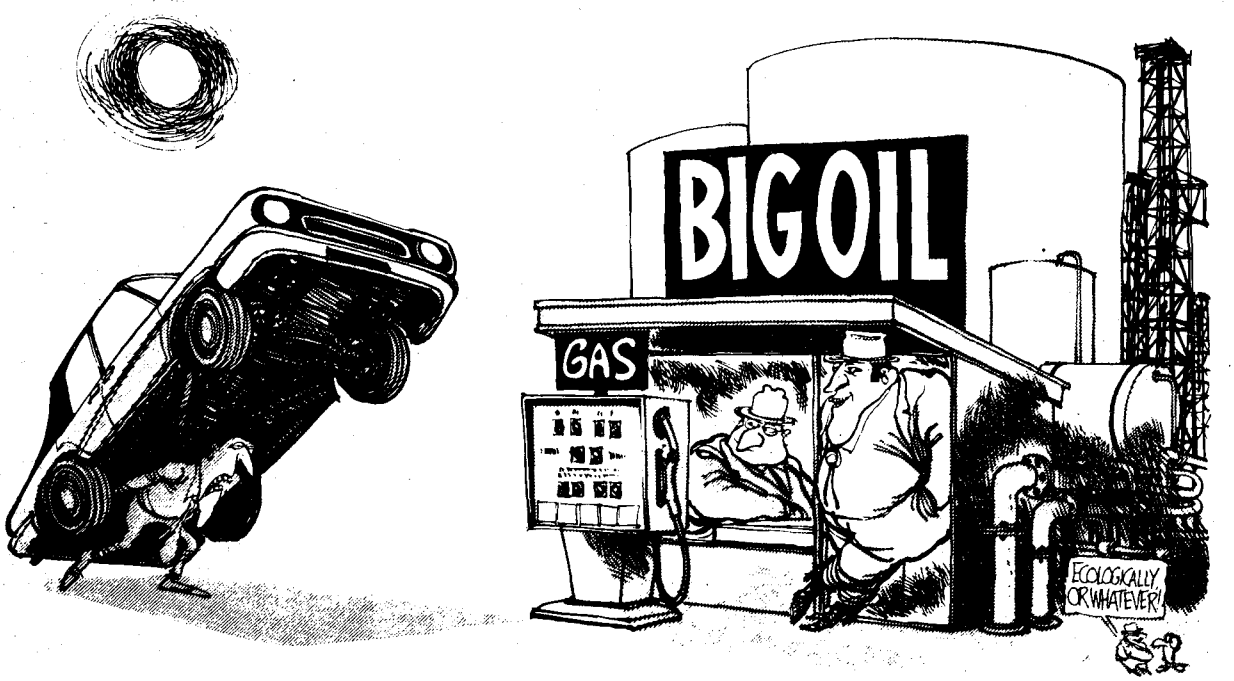
Under common industry practice, the oil companies owning it will control access to the pipeline. The way this works is described in detail in the June 1973 preliminary FTC staff report on the commission's investigation of the petroleum industry, and released to some members of the Senate last summer. The report says: "Through the pipeline system, crude oil is transported more or less on a constant flow-pressure basis. Trunk stations can pump in a batch of crude only when there is a slow in the flow for it, and then line pressure must be increased or decreased to adjust for the desired flow speed. The scheduling of pipeline input is very complex and must be worked out in advance of the shipment. Because of this process, an independent crude producer may have great difficulty in securing a place in the flow, especially if he does not have storage tanks at the trunkline station and/or ships a relatively small amount of crude."

The FTC concluded that these arrangements constituted a barrier to competition in two ways: nonowners had to pay excessive pipeline charges and they could be excluded from, or limited in their use of, the pipeline, despite provisions in the Hepburn Act of 1906 which declare oil pipelines to be common carriers subject to Interstate Commerce Commission regulation. However, this legislation clearly gave the ICC less power over oil pipelines than over railroads or gas pipelines. In fact, the ICC works closely with the API to set rates and, in effect, administers the regulatory process. Excessive rates are no more than a bookkeeping problem for the vertically integrated owners of pipelines (they simply transfer funds from their pipeline department to their refinery department); the independent producers and refiners actually pay the transportation charges. Furthermore, pipeline owners may employ a variety of harassing or delaying tactics to cut off or limit use of their pipeline by independents, including irregular shipping dates and limited storage facilities.

For example, the Colonial Pipeline, a petroleum products pipeline from Port Arthur, Tex. to New York City, provided Texaco, one of its owners, with Colonial-owned facilities and a 60-mile feeder pipeline from Texaco's Venice, La., refinery to the main pipeline. But it required another Louisiana refinery, which did not own a share of the pipeline, to build its own storage facilities and a 120-mile feeder pipeline to a feeder point at Collins, Miss., even though the second refinery was only 60 miles from the Texaco facility, half the distance to Collins. This, plus some other financial juggling, ultimately meant that the transportation cost to New York was 30¢ a barrel for Texaco and 40¢ for the other company. The system, as Rep. Donald Fraser (D., Minn.) remarked recently, is as if "General Motors owned the Interstate Highway System and charged a special toll for all cars that it did not manufacture."

Pipeline abuses were among the antitrust violations which led in 1911 to the dissolution of the Standard Oil colossus. However, the individual companies which rose from its abuses went right on using control of pipelines to limit competition. In fact, pipeline abuses were among the violations that formed the basis for the federal government's omnibus "Mother Hubbard" antitrust suit against all the integrated oil companies and the API, a suit that was dropped in 1940 so that it would not interfere with the industry's war effort. Although portions of this case were eventually resolved, the government decided that it was untriable as originally conceived (there were more than 100 defendants) and pipeline abuses have continued unabated.

Above and beyond this common practice, the Alyeska pipeline is to be what is called an "undivided interest line." That means, in effect, that the pipeline is visualized as seven separate pipelines, one carried on the books of



Oliphant, Denver Post

"I Think We've Got Him to the Point Where He'll Pay Anything We Ask!"

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each of the seven oil companies involved in the venture. Each company owns a subsidiary which operates a theoretical pipeline with a capacity equivalent to the percentage of its ownership of the Alyeska line. B.P.-Sohio will own a "pipeline" able to move 562,000 barrels of crude oil a day, across Alaska. So will ARCO. Exxon's "pipeline" could move 510,000 barrels. The other four "pipelines" would be much, much smaller. Under this arrangement, an independent shipper must use the facilities of one of the owners and, should his shipment be more than that particular owner is willing to handle, he must approach the other owners. It is a cumbersome, time-consuming process, and one conducive to industrial bullying.

Added to their holdings in California, including a newly discovered field in the Santa Barbara area, the Alyeska arrangement will give the three major North Slope companies control over about three-fourths of the proven reserves of Alaska and California. Accordingly, they will control the price of domestic crude on the West Coast. M.A. Adelman, professor of economics at M.I.T. and an authority on the cost of crude oil production, has stated that North Slope oil can be produced and delivered on the West Coast for less than $1.20 a barrel. (This figure does not include Alaskan severance taxes, which are the subject of extensive current litigation.) However, crude oil from Alaska's Cook Inlet was selling for $3.67 a barrel in Los Angeles in 1970, and North Slope oil is expected to bring anywhere from $3.85 to $4.22 a barrel. No wonder the oil companies were adamant about building their pipeline through Alaska rather than Canada. Imported crude oil will be cheaper (as it is now), but Exxon and B.P. are major international companies and are able to prevent it from competing with domestic oil for the West Coast market.

Even if Alaska's potential reserves are not as great as Governor Egan's optimistic 300 billion barrels, Pet Four and vast uncharted reserves along the Gulf of Alaska remain to be tapped. It is clear that the companies which dominate the Alaskan oil fields will soon dominate the country's domestic supply of oil, unless the federal government, Congress or the courts intervene.

In late 1969, after the details of the various operating agreements among the partners in Alyeska's clumsy predecessor, the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System, were revealed, the Justice Department began a preliminary investigation into the manner in which TAPS was organized. By February 1970, the investigation was far enough along for the department to inform Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel, who was about to approve construction of a portion of the pipeline system, that TAPS had antitrust problems. Native and conservationist lawsuits subsequently prevented Hickel from issuing the necessary permits and both the Interior and Justice Departments devoted their time to resolving the legal obstacles raised by these suits. In the summer of 1970, TAPS reorganized as Alyeska. The next year, the Justice Department issued a series of Civil Investigative Demands—that is, administrative subpoenas—which were approved by Asst. Atty. Gen. Richard W. McLaren's office. However, in August 1971, Atty. Gen. John N. Mitchell shut down the investigation, reportedly with the comment, "In view of what is going on, this is not the time." After Mitchell's veto, the Justice Department sought voluntary submission of certain information from the owner companies, and elicited pledges of cooperation but few facts. The investigation is now apparently in limbo.

This year, while considering legislation to speed construction of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, the Senate was presented with a variety of proposals designed to discourage anti-competitive practices in the petroleum industry. These ranged from requirements that the Alyeska owners divest themselves of their pipeline to legislation outlawing the vertical integration which makes the oil business so profitable. The proposals came in the wake of a short-term energy crisis in certain areas of the country and publication of the FTC report. However, Senator Jackson, who was managing the Trans-Alaska Pipeline bill on the Senate floor, was adamant about the need for getting it through Congress quickly and not endangering its chances with cumbersome and unpopular provisions; so the Senators who had proposed these amendments, Hart, Haskell and Frank E. Moss of Utah, withdrew them. All have since been introduced as separate pieces of legislation.

Hart, whose antitrust and monopoly subcommittee has already done yeoman work in this area, plans full hearings this fall on what he calls the "structure problems" of the industry. Senator Jackson has asked the Senate permanent subcommittee on investigations to look into the allegations of anti-competitive practices contained in the recent FTC report. Both Hart and Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin have asked the Attorney General for a status report on the Justice Department's Alyeska investigation. And Hart has also asked the FTC to look into the Alaskan situation.

The federal government has taken a first step against the oil giants, although it may be years before it produces any positive results. On July 17, the FTC filed the first complaint of its sort against Exxon, ARCO, Mobil, Texaco, Gulf, Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil of Indiana, and Shell, charging them with having combined or agreed to engage in anti-competitive practices to monopolize the refining of crude oil into petroleum products and maintain a noncompetitive market structure in some parts of the United States.

Hart was jubilant on July 17. "I feel like we've won the Irish Sweepstakes," he told a reporter. Meanwhile, his subcommittee will consider a variety of bills, including one to prevent a company from engaging in more than one of the four aspects of the industry. This was the amendment Moss tried to attach to the pipeline bill the day before the FTC filed its complaint.

Hart, like a small but growing number of Senators and Congressmen, believes that monopolistic practices are a major cause of the short-term energy crisis. "For my part," he said of the withdrawn Moss amendment, "I have seen enough evidence to convince me that divestiture is the best step to take toward solving the energy crisis." Yet, largely in response to this energy crisis, Congress last summer expedited construction of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, one more giant link in this monopoly. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Economics: After the School of Stratford-at-Bow

CORPORATE POWER AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY: A Blueprint for the Future. *By Neil H. Jacoby. Macmillan. 290 pp. $10.*

VICTOR LEBOW

This book was taken to the bosom of *The Wall Street Journal* with a glowing review of unprecedented length—more than 32 column-inches. This reviewer must confess that he has read it with something less than rapture.

The subject of the social responsibility of business is much bruited about these days, and a rich plum for the P.R. fraternity it certainly is. So Mr. Jacoby's book cashes in on a good thing with what is actually a collection of articles joined with some literary dentistry: fillings and bridgework. But the book has a curious and rather ominous significance, which totally escapes its author.

Professor Jacoby founded and served as dean of UCLA's Graduate School of Management, where he now teaches what he calls "management science." He has served on the Council of Economic Advisers, and as an adviser to several government agencies, including the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. He was a public member of the Phase II pay board and is a director of Occidental Petroleum (the conglomerate with the Libyan oil wells). Arthur F. Burns, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve Systems, in his foreword, tells us that this book aims dispassionately to evaluate the performance of the corporation. The jacket quotes other authorities who hail it as objective, scholarly and comprehensive. It is "warmly recommended to business leaders seeking a new image. . . ."

Were Shakespeare to comment, he would have his Cassius ask today, "Upon what meat do these our Caesars feed?" For this book is an unblushing glorification of the corporation in its activities, its rapacities, its mergers and conglomerates, its domestic and multinational proliferation. Jacoby supports his adulatory account with dazzling *non sequiturs*, zany statistics and a semantic shell game.

Thus, in distinguishing between the interests of consumers as against producers, he makes bedfellows of the corporations and the trade unions as "producers." He tells us that the corporation is just one institution in our pluralistic society, and sense or nonsense, he drags in "pluralistic" wherever he can. This purports to be "a social assessment of the American business corporation," and the "business" corporation is just one of many corporate forms, and is an "institution" which he equates with such other institutions as family, church, school and trade union.

Jacoby begins by listing the current criticisms of business, from the Yippies and hippies to the reformers, from Abby Hoffman and Charles Reich to John Kenneth Galbraith. Then he proceeds to demolish them all, after first agreeing that *some* are desirable—in *all* institutions (a genuine Nixonism). For the business of America is not business, as Calvin Coolidge had it, but the building of a good society, and the corporation is only a means to that end. Furthermore, after the New Deal "created labor unions" (*sic*) and the farm lobby, and with the rise of consumerism, stockholderism (a confection from the Jacoby boutique), social equalitarianism, environmentalism, feminism, the civil rights movement, and the anti-war activists, the corporation has been shorn of most of its power.

On the other hand, under the Fourteenth Amendment, and in accordance with the Supreme Court decision of 1886, the provision that was intended to forbid slavery forever gives "every institution the right—if not the duty—to do what it can to survive. Pressure upon government for this purpose is a legitimate expression of a fundamental drive." Actually, the bad image of the corporation is due mainly to "fault-finding by the intellectual community," but Jacoby charitably excuses the intellectuals as victims of a cultural lag.

For an economist, his acrobatics with statistics are a Barnum & Bailey spectacular. Thus, his reply to the fears of increasing concentration of industrial power is to tell us that the concentration of the *number* of corporations is greatest among the smaller companies. There is, of course, no questioning the fact that today there are more incorporated doctors, for example, than all the automobile manufacturers, steel producers, computer builders, aircraft manufacturers, industrial chemical companies, and glass producers put together. But how does that answer the question of the concentration of industrial power? He tells us that, corrected for inflation, "the average real volume of business done per operating American corporation was less in 1968 than it was in 1950." The tricky word here is "average," for obviously, if the relatively few giant corporations are garnering most of the volume, the multitude of smaller concerns is getting less, and with the number of small companies growing, the average per company may well be less. He compiles a table to prove that the proportion of the national income originating in corporations has been relatively stable over some twenty-five years or so. But, again, this doesn't prove that big business isn't getting bigger. And now, lo and behold, the corporations are actually slipping, because the figures show that the tangible wealth of all corporations is less than the wealth of the United States Government plus the value of the homes, furniture, cars, refrigerators, washing machines, clothing, etc., owned by the individual inhabitants of the country! These are only a few samples of the scores of meaningless or misleading statistics he serves up as economic, social and cultural analysis. "Although more business has become corporate in form, more of the economy has become socialized. The contemporary American economy is pluralistic rather than dominantly corporate in character."

According to Jacoby, the big corporations, the mergers, the conglomerates, the multinationals burgeon and expand because of their essentially selfless concern with the blessings of "economies of scale," although no one has ever been able to discover a benefit to consumers of any conglomerate except, perhaps, for the brief interval when it sets out to destroy or bring to heel its smaller competitors by price-cutting in an industry it has just entered. The conglomerate, he asserts, is a good thing because it is in a position to "out-spend,

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Victor Lebow has been an executive, officer and director of large companies, and a consultant to corporations here and abroad. He is co-chairman of the Columbia University seminar on the Economics of Distribution and the author of "Free Enterprise": The Opium of the American People *(Oriole Editions).*

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out-dare, and out-wait" smaller and less financially secure firms in winning a market.

As for monopoly, there is no such thing, and it is in the interest of consumers that there be big firms, provided the economies of scale are passed on. He is oblivious of the fact that those savings are enjoyed mostly by the managers and the stockholders. Incidentally, in ballooning the figures of the number of shareowners among the citizenry, he includes not only the already inflated figures handed out by the New York Stock Exchange, but considers that anyone who has an insurance policy is, *ipso facto,* a participant in the shareholdings of the insurance companies, and similarly for beneficiaries of pension trusts. As an example of a multinational corporation which has "enormously expanded the real income and welfare of the peoples of the six Central American republics," he gives us—United Fruit! (In the History and Political Science Departments of UCLA they surely talk about the "banana republics," but Jacoby is in the Business School.)

My notes on this book show that I had to take issue with 104 pages out of 270 pages of text. One irritating stunt of the author is the use of time spans that best suit his purpose. Thus, he tells us that corporate income between 1950 and 1968 was stable at 56 per cent of the national income, adding, with Alice-in-Wonderland logic, that government income in that period rose from 9 to 14 per cent—which is meaningless as a comparison. But in any case it is annoying to reflect that this book has just been published, and much more recent figures were available to him. And, in fact, corporate profits after taxes rose from $26.7 billion in 1960 to $41.2 billion in 1970, while the GNP went from $103.3 billion to $135.3 billion (all in 1958 dollars). An additional tidbit I cannot refrain from quoting: "The quest for monopoly power apparently reached its high point in 1899." And his knight in shining armor among corporations is ITT.

Recently, *The Wall Street Journal* wrote that Senator Saxbe (R., Ohio) lashed out at the Nixon Administration for the Watergate scandal, for the bombing of Cambodia, and for the "disgraceful" attempt to keep it secret. "I get the feeling sometimes that this Administration could be the last chance for businessmen to run the country," he said, "and they've struck out. It's a damn shame." But Jacoby says the corporations have little power. And there is no collusion among big companies. There may be some concern about corporate contributions to candidates, but you can't really stop unions and corporations from contributing. He equates subsidies to business with such social benefits as the union shop, minimum wage laws, unemployment benefits, and the like. He wants the Departments of Labor, Commerce and Agriculture merged. He pooh-poohs that "myth" of a "military-industrial complex" but he warns against the evils of a "health complex," an "education complex," a "welfare complex," and a "housing complex"! He favors legislation forbidding strikes in essential industries. He thinks that polluters should be assessed with the costs, but he blames technology and our affluence more than some of the corporate foot-dragging he acknowledges on the issue of social responsibility.

In short, his blueprint for the future would lead us directly to that corporate state which he considers a figment of Galbraith's heated imagination. Whether this is all ignorance or calculated blindness, it is shocking. Most important are the questions this book raises regarding the competence, breadth, courage and honesty of the economic advisers to the tycoons of American industry and finance, and more particularly to the elected officialdom of this nation. If this is the stuff the Steins, the Shultzes and the Burnses are made of, then this country would be better off if they kept their cotton pickin' hands off the government. Further, if these are the views and the approach to social responsibility which schools of business administration teach their students, then the managers who will implement this "blueprint for the future" will descend upon us in a plague of Haldemans and Ehrlichmans. □

The Return of Richard Wright

THE UNFINISHED QUEST OF RICHARD WRIGHT. *By Michel Fabre. Translated from the French by Isabel Barzun. William Morrow & Co. 652 pp. $15.*

JERRY H. BRYANT

Richard Wright is too often thought of today as either the "anti-white" protest author of *Native Son* or the man who, in *Native Son,* betrayed his black integrity to the stereotypes of the white man. The arguments over that novel, and the emergence of other black writers, many of whom have belittled Wright and his achievement, have made us forget the scope of his other writing and the outlines of a life that was in many ways exemplary. He contributed to this process himself by leaving America for Paris in 1947, never to live here again. In *The Unfinished Quest of Richard Wright,* Michel Fabre, a specialist in black studies teaching at the Sorbonne, has done us the great service of restoring the fuller, more complex and more accurate image of this unusual man.

Wright was one of those literary figures whose importance lies as much in the power of his personality as in his writings. Like Ernest Hemingway, he gave form and energy to an era in American fiction, established its priorities, set its mode, and even determined the behavior of his successors and imitators. Also like Hemingway, he expressed strong opinions about his contemporaries and lived at the center of the artistic and intellectual currents of his time. He was praised and vilified, adulated and held up to contempt, sought after as a spokesman for his race, and attacked for having forfeited the right to speak by leaving his homeland. Wherever he went, he was the center of controversy. But however his life appeared to his detractors or celebrators, it was "engaged," in the argot of the existentialist 1950s, "relevant," in the jargon of the activist 1960s—so much so that black writers are still acknowledging him as their literary ancestor or trying to free themselves from his influence by denouncing him.

Fabre's biography comes at the right time. During the frantic activity of the 1960s, black literature became as much a fad as a subject of serious study. Opportunists, white and black, sprang up everywhere to take advantage of public interest in the subject. In literary criticism and biography, more heat was generated than light. But America has changed in the last couple of years; the black-literature fad has evolved into something less chic and opportunistic; the time is ripe for Fabre's book.

Moreover, though it may seem paradoxical, it is appropriate that a Frenchman undertake the task of producing what we can call the "authorized" version of the Wright story. France, until near the end of Wright's life, was the geographical center—and in some ways the spiritual center—of his work. And France made him welcome in a way that

Jerry Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He lectured on American literature during this past academic year at the University of Copenhagen.*

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America never could. If we are to grasp the quality of Wright as a cultural figure, we have to remember that one of the world's leading civilizations received him with great respect, lionized him, consulted him, heeded him.

Most of his papers, I presume, are in France, in the possession of his widow, Ellen. All of these Fabre has had access to—his letters, his journals, his unfinished or unpublished stories. And Fabre has interviewed dozens of Wright's friends and acquaintances. He has tracked down scores of articles and reviews, magazine stories and newspaper accounts. He has sifted through material as seemingly insignificant as Paris Metro tickets and as obviously important as the notes for Wright's last attempt at a novel, written before he died in 1960. He has been a meticulous, conscientious biographer and the result is a valuable chronicle of a fascinating figure. Because of Fabre's familiarity with the significant sources and his scholarly approach to that material, his book supersedes Constance Webb's shallow, chatty biography, published in 1968.

Fabre sometimes plays the role of psychologist, telling us that Wright became fearful of women, and ascribing that to an Oedipal conflict and to the sexual play in which he was initiated by his mother's cousin when he was a small child. Sometimes Fabre is the sociologist, suggesting that in spite of his later sense of isolation, as a youth Wright was a well-integrated member of a gang in Jackson, Miss. And sometimes Fabre is the historian of small but interesting literary details. We discover that the origin of the murder scene in *Native Son* was autobiographical, that on one occasion Wright had entered the bedroom of the wife of his white employer while she was dressing. And Fabre tells us that Wright wrote *Native Son* while living with some close friends in Brooklyn, and that the wife of his host convinced him that, in the interests of plausibility, he could not have Bigger Thomas saw off the head of his victim with a knife. She had him try to saw off the head of a chicken that way, and when he found he couldn't, he provided Bigger with a hatchet.

Fabre is skeptical of the widely held proposition that Wright's "estrangement and deep insecurity" are the result of his experience of white oppression. It is more likely, Fabre says, that they originated in the fierce beating his mother gave him for setting the curtains on fire when he was a child of 4 or 5. This was an "incomprehensible punishment for a transgression he did not accept as such, an experience which long predated his first encounter with racism." He also suggests that Wright's family situation, the absence of a father and the powerful influence of his fanatical Seventh-Day Adventist grandmother, helped make him minimize the value of his black cultural heritage, in which many other blacks found personal dignity and material for self-development.

But the main picture we get from this biography, and the most important one, is that which emerges from the vast accumulation of Wright's everyday activity. We see a man whose energy, in spite of his early weakness (he weighed less than 125 pounds in 1928), seems inexhaustible, and who is driven by an insatiable curiosity as well as zeal to educate and to change. As a young Communist in Chicago he is an indefatigable organizer of lectures and discussions. In New York, after he has begun to acquire a small reputation on the basis of his contributions to *New Masses* and other party journals, he plunges into the city's intellectual world. He attends lectures, accumulates reading lists, seeks out the people who are at the center of current thought, wades into sociology and psychology, becomes interested in modern art. All this time, he is working hard at his own writing.

With the immediate success of *Native Son* in 1940, his life becomes even more frenetic. He is caught up in a round of radio talks and scripts, lecturing, studying, meeting new people, helping new and old friends, and writing in his journal. Virtually simultaneously, at one time in 1943, he wants to do "a photographic documentary about the children of Harlem," put together a volume of studies by black writers called "The Meaning of the Negro Experience in America," finish a sociological short story on delinquency called "The Jackal," begin the second part of his autobiography, and complete a collaboration on the screenplay of a movie.

Fabre makes it clear that he is driven in all this by an obsession—to bring the races in America closer together. His aim is not simply to ameliorate the condition of black people but to save the nation. He had become disturbed by the direction of American life, "the restlessness, the crazy fads, the inescapable loneliness, the adoration of cheap movies, cheap pathos," as he put it. He believed in an integration in which "the several ethnic cultures" would retain their individuality and would thereby help "enrich the national culture."

Wright seemed to move at the same pace all his life, always engaged in several different schemes at once, always feverishly concerned with communication, with exposing, with making people "understand." Contemplating his hectic schedules, his frequent moves, his increasingly frequent journeys to gather information for his journalistic work, the reader has a sense of chaos, but Fabre finds a kind of order in this frenzy. He sees Wright's adult life as falling into three phases, each characterized by a place and a book: "America and *Native Son* representing the Communist phase; France and *The Outsider*, the existentialist phase; Africa and *White Man, Listen!*, the anticolonialist phase." He portrays a man who was never satisfied with the ideology he took up, but was always enlarging his own vision, always expanding his mind and his activities to implement that vision.

What I miss in this biography is a sense of Wright, the man. The narrative has a curious surface quality. Partly this is a matter of style, which, as far as I can tell, the translator, Isabel Barzun, has rendered faithfully from the French. The writing is more ponderous than it need be, weighed down with academic "perhapses" and "somewhats." And unfortunately, Fabre is more concerned with maintaining scholarly objectivity than with drawing conclusions from his own deep and intimate knowledge of the details he so painstakingly piles up. Too often he seems to transfer the information from his sources directly to the page, as raw material rather than as the pieces of a puzzle that the biographer has assembled for the reader. Fabre doesn't adequately explore his subject's feelings and states of mind or reflect upon the springs of Wright's art.

But if this is a weakness, it is counterbalanced by genuine advantages. For one thing the super-objective approach, in Fabre's hands, somehow provokes animated personal responses from the reader. And one can never be sure, either, that the inferences one draws from what seems to be relatively raw data have not been subtly suggested by a skillful but self-effacing biographer. For those data add up to an ambivalence in Wright that makes him resistant to any attempt at a final explanation. He argued for rationalism and industrialization for Africa even while he was expressing fear that industrialization in Europe would dehumanize modern man. He was profoundly skeptical but he spent his life trying to change the world. He seemed to personify perpetual exhilaration but he described himself as a man who was permanently somber. Every act seemed to suggest a faith in the coherence of cause and effect, of action and result, but he could write, as the concluding sentence to his first novel, a line that captures the sense of purposelessness of life that he held all his days: "Outside an icy wind swept around the corner of the building, whining and moaning like an idiot in a deep black pit."

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Fabre's book should stimulate an increase in closer studies of Wright's life and work. He has recognized something of basic importance to contemporary American fiction, something it may have taken a French academic to tell us—that black writers, besides being black, are writers, that they and their work have dimensions that extend beyond the limited plane of race; that they are artists concerned with language and form as well as with subject and theme. Fabre has returned to us one of our classic writers. □

Wole Soyinka—The Wounds of War

THE MAN DIED. *By Wole Soyinka. Harper & Row. 317 pp. $8.95.*

CHARLES R. LARSON

Shortly after the end of the Biafran war when Nigeria's military ruler, Gen. Yakubu Gowon, was visiting Ibadan University, he asked a friend to pass a message on to Wole Soyinka, the talented Yoruba playwright, poet and novelist. The message: "Tell him I said, Bygones is bygones. Right? Use my exact words—Bygones is bygones." Soyinka's reply on hearing these words: "My arse!" Now more than three years after the end of the Nigerian Civil War, Soyinka has published an account of what happened to him during those dark times, *The Man Died*, certainly the most important work that has been written about the Biafran war.

The facts, for anyone not familiar with them: Wole Soyinka, black Africa's most versatile writer, was arrested at the beginning of the Nigerian Civil War—ostensibly for aiding the Biafran rebels. Soyinka himself says that he was trying to form a bipartisan peace committee of the country's leading intellectuals—including, of course, Ibos in the Eastern Region of Nigeria from where Soyinka had recently returned. The Nigerian Government never formally charged him, nor did they bring him to trial. Instead, they imprisoned him, first in Lagos, the capital, and then at Kaduna, in Northern Nigeria. Soyinka's imprisonment lasted for twenty-seven months, the major part of it in solitary confinement in a 4x8-foot cell. He was released shortly before the end of the war. (See Larson: "The Trial of Wole Soyinka," *The Nation*, September 15, 1969.)

The Man Died might be called the prison journals of Wole Soyinka, yet that isn't exactly what they are. Soyinka was forbidden writing materials of any kind, and for many of the early months of his imprisonment, reading materials also. When a few books were finally made available to him, he stole a ballpoint pen from an Indian doctor who examined him, and he began writing between the lines of those books. Soyinka comments on his method of writing, "After the indescribably exquisite pleasure of reading, I proceeded to cover the spaces between the lines with my own writing."

There were no pleasures like this at the beginning, however. Soyinka kept expecting to be formally charged, but all that happened was that he was fingerprinted. He was permitted a hasty visit by his wife—in the presence of four prison authorities. A release to the press that appeared in *The Sunday Post* stated that Soyinka

> has been detained under the emergency regulations. Mr. Soyinka has been ominously connected with espionage activities for the rebel leader Odumegwu-Ojukwu against the Federal Military Government. . . . Mr. Soyinka was also said to have admitted in a statement that he came to an arrangement with Mr. Ojukwu to assist in the purchase of jet aircraft to be used by the rebel Air Force.

Soyinka comments about this news release, "The Military machine had some highly efficient experts on public psychology working on my affairs."

Clearly, the Nigerian Government didn't know what to do with Soyinka once they had him in prison. At one time they tried to buy him off by offering him a position in the cabinet. When he refused, the government continued to release false reports to the news media which invariably made their way into the international press. Toward the end of his imprisonment, government officials did nothing to squelch the rumors that Soyinka had died in prison.

There are few dates in Soyinka's prison notes. Undoubtedly, he often did not know what day of the month or even in what month an event took place. "Time vanished. I turned to stone. The world retreated into fumes of swampland," he says in the section of his book that deals with his months of imprisonment in Lagos. Nor are the journals developed chronologically; instead, Soyinka's notebooks skip back and forth—to events while he was in prison and incidents of the prewar period (the coup and counter coup, the pogroms and Ibo massacres in the North, the early stages of military rule under Ironsi). The divisions in the book are indicative of his need to recall the outer world that had ceased to exist for him. Again and again, however, one realizes that *The Man Died* is not so much the story of Wole Soyinka's own temporary death during the Nigerian Civil War but a personified account of Nigeria's fall from sanity, documented by one of the country's leading intellectuals.

Denied newspapers or access to any other news media, Soyinka could never be certain about specific events of the civil war. But his stay in Kiri-Kiri prison in Lagos revealed to him more than he needed to know. Ibos who had not been able to escape to Biafra were rounded up and jailed by the hundreds in prisons that had never been designed to contain such masses of people. Ibo prisoners told Soyinka (before he was placed in solitary confinement) of their imprisonment in the Black Hole of Dodan:

> It was nearly completely square. Eleven people shared it of which only three could stretch out at a time. A little hole set high in the wall was all the window. To obtain fresh air from it they took turns standing on the latrine bucket. This little hole of a window was set right against the roof so that very little light came down into the cell. For five months they had lived in perpetual twilight and dark. They grew accustomed to sleeping where they sat, in a foetus crouch. The treat was to go out to empty the latrine bucket. This meant air and exercise.

After five months without bathing, a number of them were covered with a dark green fungus. On the occasions when they were let outside for fresh air (for periods of thirty minutes) they were flogged. All this simply for being Ibos—none of them were formally charged. The nation, Soyinka says, had gone mad.

If Soyinka argues that Nigeria had become blind to its own internal problems, he argues more persistently that much of the blame should be placed on the shoulders of one man: General Gowon. Soyinka attacks Gowon relentlessly throughout the whole of his narrative, accusing him of doing little if anything to prevent the Northerners from killing Ibos (before the Biafran secession) when something could have been done to stop the rash of pogroms. Repeatedly, Soyinka uses the word "genocide" to describe the federal gov-

Charles Larson is associate professor of literature at American University. He is the author of The Emergence of African Fiction *(Indiana University Press.)*

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ernment's war strategy against the secessionists. He warns in "A Letter to Compatriots" at the beginning of *The Man Died*, "Whatever factors that made a dictatorship inevitable in the first place, those factors no longer exist."

There can be little doubt that *The Man Died* is intended to embarrass General Gowon's government. Page after page crackles with Soyinka's attacks on the current political scene. Soyinka tells us that at one time after he was moved to Kaduna, the government tried to make him sign a form, in order that his salary might go to his family (he had been teaching at one of the Western universities at the time of his arrest). Soyinka declined, telling them, "The situation demands only justice." When every inmate, including those in the death cell, was innoculated against cerebro-spinal meningitis, Soyinka was not. When he complained of increasing difficulties with his eyesight and of the bitter cold from the harmattan, the prison authorities refused to let him see a doctor. For a long time he feared he would go mad; he suffered from hallucinations in which he saw Hitler in his cell. And he fasted intermittently until he was a walking skeleton.

One morning he awoke and made a strange discovery. A knot of muscle had formed at the base of his shrunken stomach. When he looked down at himself, it looked as if he were pregnant. Yet eventually he conquered the physical aspects of his adjustment to prison life, and his hallucinations ceased. With the aid of one or another sympathetic guard, he occasionally smuggled a poem out of the prison, and additional writing materials were smuggled into his cell. He thought and he wrote, but always he felt the need to exercise thoughts not merely with himself "but within a community of other minds." Repeatedly, the guards told him he was going to be released, but the months and months dragged on.

Why did the Nigerian authorities imprison Soyinka in the first place? We may never know, but one thing is evident: Soyinka muzzled was easier to cope with than Soyinka unmuzzled. His initial detention appears to have been a kind of bureaucratic error. Nevertheless, once the machinery of injustice had been placed in motion, it was difficult to stop it. Then, too, Soyinka has for long been intellectually closer to the losers of the Biafran war than to the winners. Soyinka's artist friends of the prewar years suddenly were on the other side, secessionists. Christopher Okigbo and Chinua Achebe (both Ibos) are mentioned in *The Man Died*. Okigbo was killed during early fighting in the war; Achebe has found it difficult to come to grips with his writing ever since the war began.

That fact points to one of the deepest ironies of *The Man Died* for, while other Nigerian writers were emotionally castrated by the war, Soyinka, who was placed in solitary confinement so that he wouldn't embarrass the government, was writing work after work, books that will no doubt embarrass the Nigerian Government more than anything the Ibo writers may ever publish.

The challenge that Soyinka offers to the Nigerian Government is far from being settled. Censorship is increasing so rapidly all over Africa that more and more African writers are beginning to turn to the path of exile. Soyinka has not returned to Nigeria since November of last year, before *The Man Died* was published in London. There are plenty of indications that the Nigerian authorities will not welcome him with open arms. He had done too much to draw attention to a war most Nigerians would now like to forget. As Soyinka concludes of the whole postwar Nigerian political scene,

> Much has been made of Gowon's "magnanimity" towards the defeated, much pious wonder has been expressed over the fact that there were no treason trials and subsequent executions after the war. Are all such people as naive as they sound? Do they not know that the trial of any articulate Biafran—unless of course it is held in secret—would result in the most damaging counter-charges against the accusers. . . ? The Biafran leaders have not been placed on trial for the same reason as I, in spite of spectacular "confessions" and my repeated demands from prison, was never tried.

The challenge is clearly there; it remains to be seen whether the Nigerian Government will rise to the magnanimity so urgently called for. I expect it may have to. For, as Soyinka puts it in the last sentence of his book, "To the pragmatists who like to point out—quite untruthfully by the way, but let that pass—that in spite of all General Gowon did win the war, there is only one answer, and it contains a warning: so did General Franco." □

The Career of 'Critical Theory'

THE DIALECTICAL IMAGINATION: A History of the Frankfurt School and the Institute of Social Research 1923-1950. *By Martin Jay. Little, Brown and Co. 382 pp. $12.50. Paper $3.95.*

ZOLTAN TAR

The Frankfurt School of sociology and philosophy was a constellation of brilliant minds, among them the social philosophers Herbert Marcuse, Max Horkheimer and T.W. Adorno. The history of this intellectual movement has been relatively neglected until now. Martin Jay's *The Dialectical Imagination* is the first serious attempt to record the origins and development of the movement for an American audience.

This is an extremely useful book, even though it tells only part of a fascinating story—a chapter of extraordinary significance in European intellectual history. The study was written originally as a doctoral dissertation in history at Harvard in 1971. The cooperation of leading members of the institute, most notably that of Max Horkheimer, its long-time director, and of the late T.W. Adorno, who made available private material, helped to clarify many hitherto unknown details.

The Institute for Social Research was established in 1924 in affiliation with Frankfurt University. The forty-odd years of the history of the Frankfurt

Zoltan Tar teaches sociology at the City College of the City University of New York.

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School of philosophy and sociology—or Critical Theory as the members preferred to call it—can conveniently be divided into two distinct periods: the first from the 1920s to 1950, the years in the Weimar Republic and in exile in the United States, and the second phase from 1950, the year of Horkheimer's and Adorno's return to the Federal Republic of Germany and the re-establishment of the institute, until Horkheimer's retirement in 1958 and Adorno's death in 1969.

The first phase, discussed in *The Dialectical Imagination*, represented an attempt—possibly the only one of its kind in Western academic life—to integrate Marxian theory with Freudian psychoanalytic theory, and combine both with empirical social research. It was a grand attempt to revitalize Marxian theory and investigate both the socio-economic "base" and the cultural-ideological "superstructure" of capitalist society. The second phase was a period of integration into West German academic life after World War II, when scholarly interest shifted from the socio-economic base to cultural criticism (*Kulturkritik*) of the superstructure.

Chapter 1 describes how the institute was set up and how Critical Theory was engendered by socio-economic problems of Western European capitalist society and deeply embedded in the philosophical and intellectual tradition of Germany, its birthplace. The socio-historical factors influencing the emergence of Critical Theory include the economic world crisis of the 1930s, the dissolution of the Weimar Republic, the rise of fascism and the fading of any realistic hope for a Socialist revolution. The intellectual atmosphere was still charged with earlier attempts to revive and develop creative Marxism in the face of the rigid tradition both of the Second International and of the emerging Stalinist dogmatism within the Soviet Union.

Chapter 2 discusses the intellectual roots and genesis of Critical Theory, which was contrasted with traditional (affirmative) theories of the social sciences and positivist-pragmatist philosophies of the natural sciences. The important dividing issue between "traditional" and "critical" theory is the attitude toward society. The former is bent upon the preservation or gradual reformation of society in order to achieve a better functioning of the social structure as a whole or of any of its particular elements. Critical Theory is ultimately a meta-theoretical critique of traditional theory from an ethical standpoint, and aims at the radical transformation of existing social arrangements. Given these preoccupations, however, Horkheimer's position on the role of the critical theorist is somewhat confusing. Not only does he reject the attitude exemplified by Karl Mannheim, who favored an "unattached intelligentsia" but also the orthodox Marxist policy of involvement with working-class organizations.

Several chapters of *The Dialectical Imagination* discuss the confrontation of Critical Theory and fascism. The ethos and political practice of fascism were the greatest threat to the survival of Western civilization, and would not willingly have spared the institute and its members. Fascism was the central issue for the Frankfurt School in the 1940s; the discussion of the problem it posed passed through many stages. At one point Horkheimer's position was close to that of orthodox Marxism as defined by the 1935 Seventh Congress of the Comintern and formulated by its Secretary General, Georgi Dimitrov: "Fascism in power is the open terrorist dictatorship of the most reactionary, most chauvinistic and most imperialist elements of finance capital." Both Horkheimer and Marcuse held the further view that it was the natural outgrowth of bourgeois-liberal democracy. But in the mid-1940s, a double shift took place in Critical Theory: the militant materialist philosophy and social theory was replaced by a philosophy of the history of despair, and the grand program for the comprehensive analysis of the socio-economic structure of capitalist society gave way to a scrutiny of its human members and their individual susceptibility to fascism. The outcome of the former shift was a book, *Dialectic of Enlightenment* by Horkheimer and Adorno, and of the latter, *The Authoritarian Personality* by Adorno and his collaborators. In the first, the Marxian theory of class conflict was replaced by the conflict of man and nature, and speculation that human beings had fallen victim to an assumption that the fated role of their species was universal dominion. The "dialectic of enlightenment" is the technical description of the degeneration of genuine enlightenment. The authors set out to answer the question, "Why mankind, instead of entering into a truly human condition, is sinking into a new kind of barbarism." The all-permeating pessimism of the book was a reaction to the authors' encounter with what they described as "late-capitalist" American society, as well as to the era of Nazi conquest of Europe. The authors pondered the commencing "collapse of bourgeois civilization."

The Authoritarian Personality, a tome of nearly 1,000 pages, regarded as having united "German speculative theory and American empirical social research methods," embodies a most controversial thesis. The guiding hypothesis of the study is that "the political, economic and social convictions of an individual often form a broad and coherent pattern, as if bound together by a 'mentality' or 'spirit'; and . . . this pattern is an expression of deep-lying trends in his personality." Authoritarian character, then, is to be considered "the human basis of fascism." Ideas concerning the process of socialization of the individual, borrowed from Freudian theory, were the inspiration for the study's diverse empirical research methods: questionnaires, depth interviews and Thematic Apperception Tests. The announced objective was not merely to describe but to explain the mental traits of the authoritarian personality "in order to help its eradication." What the objective signified was the abandonment of the idea of a radical transformation of capitalist society and the embracing of a moderate, liberal-reformist *Weltanschauung*. An earlier attempt to integrate Marxian social theory with Freudian psychoanalysis, pioneered by Erich Fromm, is also discussed in the book. That attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable resulted in Fromm's eclecticism, which has since had an ever shifting theoretical center of gravity.

Professor Jay discusses the aesthetic theories of the Frankfurt School and its critique of an American mass culture which it completely misunderstood. It emphasizes the work of Walter Benjamin, whose fragmentary life work combined Jewish mysticism, messianic Marxism in the manner of the Lukács of 1923, and Brechtian ideas on technical innovation in modern art. Adorno practiced his guiding principle, "defiance of society includes defiance of its language," to the extent that his language, often ridiculed as "Adorno-Deutsch," was described by his translators as being itself "a translation of the untranslatable." He is alleged to have said on one occasion, "I don't want to be understood." Perhaps Adorno's rigidity was best manifested in his treatment of jazz. He lumped all nonclassical music (jazz, dance, popular and salon music) together under "jazz," and categorically declared that jazz "does not transcend alienation, it strengthens it. Jazz is commodity in the strictest sense."

The initial thesis of *The Dialectical Imagination* that "the relative autonomy," financial and political, of the Frankfurt theorists was "one of the primary reasons for their theoretical achievements" must be questioned in light of the fact that Mannheim and Lukács, for example, achieved equally high theoretical levels without enjoying any such autonomy. And since Critical Theory understood itself as social research from the very beginning, it is regrettable

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that the author's only serious attempt to evaluate critically the achievement of the school in terms of the canons of modern sociology is the discussion of *The Authoritarian Personality*.

Professor Jay is at his best when tracing the history of the institute. He is on less firm ground when discussing the philosophical intricacies of Critical Theory's stand on ontological, epistemological and ethical issues. Few readers will agree with his characterization of Adorno as having a "rigorous philosophical mind," or his suggestion that Horkheimer was sensitive to the currents of logical positivism, or his claim that "praxis and reason" constituted "the two poles of Critical Theory." It is hard to find any evidence for the last assertion unless we accept Adorno's statement in a 1969 interview with him published in *Der Spiegel* that "theory is a genuine form of practice."

A critical assessment of Critical Theory should analyze its failure with regard to three major points: first, the intention and the accomplishments of the original program; second, its validity in terms of generally accepted canons of the natural and social sciences; and third, its claim to represent a continuity with the original "Critical Theory" of Marx. Critical Theory failed on all three counts. First, its accomplishments fell short of the original program and promise, partly because of historical circumstances. The chief theorists of the Frankfurt School, Horkheimer and Adorno, had neither the training nor the interest to investigate the socio-economic base of the cultural problems they studied. They detested empirical research, which in their view deals only with the surface phenomena of society and not with its essence. Secondly, the Frankfurt School misunderstood and misinterpreted natural science and its philosophy. It rejected experimentation, quantification and verification and advocated a new *Naturphilosophie*, a "science" that is qualitative and contemplative. It also replaced scientific sociology with elitist artistic reflection (*Kulturkritik*) on the evils of capitalist society and the horrors of fascism. Third, Critical Theory dissociated itself from the basic tenet of Marxism: the unity of theory, empirical research and revolutionary praxis. A comprehensive study of the institute, covering its history up to the late 1960s, would demonstrate that its early resentment against praxis necessarily led to Adorno's withdrawal into and glorification of the ivory tower, and to Horkheimer's "yearning for God and another world"—and help explain his fears about the "menace of the yellow race" in the 1960s.

Still, even within its self-imposed limits, *The Dialectical Imagination* is an important book. It is well written and contains a wealth of information, inaccessible until now, handled with considerable skill. However, the bibliography, while impressive, indicates that the author has disregarded a substantial part of the secondary materials in German. For all that, Professor Jay's book is a lucid, significant work that will attract readers interested in the Frankfurt School, the Weimar Republic, and 20th-century European intellectual history. □

Duty, Honor, Country

WEST POINT: America's Power Fraternity. *By K. Bruce Galloway and Robert Bowie Johnson, Jr. Simon & Schuster. 448 pp. $10.*

FRANKLIN R. SILBEY

Those Americans who are disturbed over the recent installation of a four-star Army General, on active duty, as acting Presidential chief of staff, will find that this book strengthens their worst apprehensions. *West Point* is a substantial, well-footnoted, critical study of the Academy, stressing what the authors believe is its largely negative influence on our professional military caste. Johnson is a West Pointer who has served in Vietnam. Galloway is a former intelligence analyst. Together they raise questions that our country, re-examining the significance of Vietnam, cannot allow to go long unanswered. Although many will challenge and assail their critique, none can dismiss its ominous theme: the Academy systematically creates a Junker-style mentality, a blind obedience to authority that is the negation of the concepts upon which our democracy rests.

Virtually no cadet can get through West Point without adopting a full complement of such ways of thought. And the graduates of the Academy permeate our professional military establishment, the intelligence community, the powerful but little-known "think-tank" system and American business. The authors claim that West Pointers have the power to maintain the unsatisfactory *status quo*, reflecting their unified, narrow and self-righteous interpretation of the Point's code of "Duty, Honor, Country." They cite examples of the perversion of that code to protect classmates, advance careers and safeguard Army and Academy reputations, a practice that explains how some career officers could regard the war in Vietnam as a tactical exercise rather than a civil war with enormous ideological and political implications.

A unique program of indoctrination binds together the cadets at West Point. Absolute obedience is its central theme. Resisters are subject to stringent treatment, as the "silencing" of Cadet Pelosi revealed. The curriculum consists of spoon-fed knowledge, Prussian-style discipline and rigorously enforced externalized morality—all of which have failed to prevent periodic cheating scandals. Like-mindedness is an absolute requirement. The rewards of compliance are group solidarity and virtually guaranteed advancement and security through worldwide networks of alumni.

Ideologically and materially secure, West Point's elite sets Army standards. Their loyalties are to an institution, not to abstract principles. A cadet is taught

Franklin Silbey is a member of the staff of Rep. John Moss of California.

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to regard himself as a unit rather than as a person, sublimating his own identity and devaluing life in the process. His psychological compensation is to pattern himself after his superiors.

The emphasis on problem solving turns people into quantifiable problems —which goes some way to explain the "body-count mentality." As Representative Stratton (D., N.Y.) said when war crimes charges against General Koster over the suppression of the My Lai atrocities were dropped: "The West Point Protective Association is a group . . . who put welfare of classmates over welfare of nation and the fundamental right of the American people to know the facts." Few Americans outside the professional military comprehend that men of that kind help to establish our military philosophy and policy.

The authors examine the performance of prominent graduates, some of whom recently buried shining reputations. Westmoreland is one. Maxwell Taylor is another, the prime architect of the Vietnam scenario, who blames "lack of public support" for the failure to achieve victory on the battlefield—an echo of the excuses offered by Germany's military class after World War I, and in particular the myth of the "stab-in-the-back" that was to prove so useful to Hitler for the purpose of defaming Germany's Jews and liberals. Galloway and Johnson also devote considerable attention to the methodical public relations efforts intended to disguise our consistent military failures in Indochina, stemming largely from an inability to comprehend the history of the Vietnamese, their motives and the resulting strategy.

The realm of the military component of the "power elite" is ever expanding. Closely allied with and often staffed by their retirees are the paramilitary lobbies such as the National Guard Association, the Navy League, the Reserve Officers Association, the Retired Officers Association, the Association of the U.S. Army, the National Rifle Association, the American Security Council and the Military Order of the World Wars. And our top-secret, lavishly financed intelligence community (CIA, NSA, DIA) is chockfull of West Pointers ideologically committed to the preservation of the *status quo*. The authors believe that our counterinsurgency doctrines of the past decade are the creation of this group. They write, "It is a logical fulfillment of his prescribed role as guardian of moral decency that the graduate, when interpreting intelligence data from abroad, attacks at every point where his values are not being practiced."

Similar influence is exerted upon the "think-tanks," whose lucrative defense contracts—awarded by guess who—can result in recommendations that are funneled directly to the President. The same grip controls the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration which, with the Pentagon, expend most federal money while controlling government subsidization of scientific research.

The following facts suggest the meaning, in terms of the country's political future, of the narrow views inculcated in the West Pointers: first, our Presidents have come to rely increasingly on the National Security Council rather than on the State Department; an organization with military orientation and strong West Point representation replaces a civilian institution as central advisory organ for foreign policy. This influence manifests itself in the fact that nearly half of all recent American foreign aid has been military assistance. Second, domestic intelligence gathering on the part of the military has involved compiling dossiers on more than 100,000 citizens. More military units are being trained to carry out domestic missions. An all-volunteer Army presents the likelihood of a particularly docile soldiery that answers only too closely to the ethos and aims of military leaders.

A full decade of war and protest has forced growing alliances between the military and executive branch. LBJ, surrounded by protest, often took refuge with the military. Nixon, assailed by Watergate, usually feels publicly secure only at military facilities.

New strains are warping the traditional conceptions that professional military men have of their role. Once expanded authority has been acquired, there is a natural reluctance to yield it, whether or not there is any genuine public need for it.

Soldiers in government have come far since Wilson threatened to abolish the Joint Board (Joint Chiefs) over a disputed Presidential decision. We have always believed military professionals were instruments rather than creators of policy. The concept of the apolitical soldier has deep roots in our tradition. Our Constitution carefully defines the roles of President and Congress in terms of military responsibility, not even allowing institutionalized channels of communication between the military and civilian leaders. The country's Populist tradition long rejected the professional army, requiring instead that all citizens defend the nation. West Point first emerged as a source of essential engineering skills; the Civil War changed that emphasis, creating instead our first caste of professional experts in violence management. Today, the White House teems with former professional soldiers.

Unfortunately for mere civilians, the world is now defined in military terms, involving spheres of influence and perpetual preparedness for many kinds of war. West Point is a key institution in fostering such definitions of reality, thinking purely in terms of military alternatives. In a future crisis, instead of diplomats at the President's side, there may be a West Pointer, such as Haig, whose views emphasize the uses of force as opposed to negotiations.

The Academy itself operates in medieval isolation. Boards of visitors, largely consisting of Congressmen and Senators, rarely raise pertinent questions about the curriculum. Military members dominate such boards, and Congressional conservatives are acquiescent on principle—another case of Congress abdicating its authority.

Are higher Army ranks open to all competent Americans? Is West Point's ideal camaraderie or elitism? Is it operating to the detriment of military effectiveness and eroding democracy? Will we confront future My Lai atrocities and attempts to cover them up? A concerned public and the professional military should approach this thought-provoking volume with open minds, ready to consider the significance of the blurring of lines between military professionalism and political involvement. Certainly, West Point, and the service academies in general, should be an object of scrutiny on the part of the Congressmen and Senators who, voluntarily or not, operate as their recruiting officers. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

American movies recently have been attending to the general but not various theme of stupidity. First *Bang the Drum Slowly* and *American Graffiti*; now *Mean Streets* and *Heavy Traffic* are minutely detailed studies of persons handicapped by marginal intelligence and narrow experience and whose grasp of reality is accordingly tenuous. Judging from the critical and popular success of these pictures, there is currently an appetite for such chronicles of inadequacy. Our horizons are, I am told, broadened and our sympathies quickened by insights into how dim minds view the world. The discovery that they view it dimly is apparently as illuminating as it is gratifying.

I want to make my reservations ex-

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plicit. I am not proposing that screen fictions should confine themselves to the affairs of princes and heroes. For example, the films of the great Japanese director, Yasujiro Ozu, invariably deal with people of modest attainments engaged in unremarkable activities. They are absorbing pictures because, within the limits of their capabilities, these people are committed without reserve to one another and to their understanding of what is required of them. But when you are forced below a minimum level of intelligence and social principle, dramatic communication ceases and you find yourself observing objects—objects of pity, very likely, but ones devoid of information, entertainment or admonition. At least it is so for me. Such pictures merely exhaust me, as I am exhausted by picking up a hitchhiker only to discover that I have sentenced myself to a two-hour monologue of sordid vainglory.

In *Mean Streets*, derived by Martin Scorsese from the memories of his own youth and filmed by him in the streets, bars and tenements of New York's Lower East Side, where he grew up, there are two main characters. Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro) is not exactly stupid; rather he is deranged. He jigs and grins, defies a loan shark and fires a revolver off a rooftop with infantile disregard for consequences. The stupid one is Charlie (Harvey Keitel), a clean-cut, aspiring gangster who is tired of going to confession every week and being handed routine batches of Hail Marys to recite as penance for his sins. Instead, he makes a bargain with God that, to avoid damnation, he will set his own present punishment: he will undertake to keep Johnny Boy and Johnny's hysteric and epileptic sister, Teresa (Amy Robinson) out of trouble.

After one confrontation between Charlie and Johnny and one bed scene between Charlie and Teresa, you know how this will turn out; but Charlie, being a fool, persists in his pointless ministrations, occasionally relieving his frustrations by holding an index finger in a candle flame and periodically astonishing his raunchy companions with solemn allusions to St. Francis of Assisi.

Charlie wants to stay on the right side of God and he wants to stay on the right side of his uncle, who runs this particular neighborhood for the mob. His uncle treats him with contempt; how God treats him I don't pretend to know, but he ends up with his body full of bullet holes, which is what I expected.

Scorsese films these proceedings in high *verismo*—claustrophobic scenes in very hot light, airless, crowded, vulgar, full of raucous laughter and aged quips, devoid of humor. I believe the milieu—you can't live in New York and not believe it—and I guess I believe in Charlie: stupid people who confuse themselves with St. Francis are not that unusual. But what am I doing for two hours with a handsome punk who wants to stay out of hell and get into the mob, and who ends up on a slab? If he'd had any brains it would have made a difference. As it stands, his tale is pure sentimentality.

Ralph Bakshi is another young film maker who grew up in the mean streets of New York and who in his new cartoon film (*Fritz the Cat* was its predecessor) recalls the world of his childhood. *Heavy Traffic* combines animation with actual city background film to produce a phantasmagoria which evokes scenes and characters that, presumably, horrified, repelled and fascinated Bakshi ten or more years ago. His central cartoon character is Michael, a boy cartoonist, around whom gyrate his Italian petty-gangster father, his homicidal Jewish mother, a legless saloon bouncer, a gorgeous Negro barmaid, a male prostitute in drag, and assorted neighborhood grotesques and menaces. Bakshi's rendering of his artist hero is cloying and, considering this character's relations with his parents, I hesitate to stress the autobiographical context of the film. The more so because, if Bakshi is remembering his past, he seems mainly to recall reading Al Capp's comic strip and imagining himself as Li'l Abner. The exuberant morons of his animation bear a striking resemblance to Capp's lubricious yokels, as depressing a crowd as ever achieved national syndication, and not typical of what I rub elbows with on the subway.

Bakshi is a master technician; his amalgamation of cartoon and photography is accomplished with the elegant logic of a surreal nightmare, and he runs his old New York footage through filters and other devices unknown to me to produce an eerie impression of a beautiful city gone dangerously mad.

Where he falls down, I think, is in his lack of creative invention. Nervous invention he has aplenty; he is endlessly ingenious, but even his most extravagant ideas turn on clichés. And though he jokes without cease he seldom rises to wit. I must add that when he is serious—as here in a diatribe on religion—the result is embarrassing. God conceived as a mountain of garbage is an insufficient contribution to the moral debate.

And getting back to where I started, Bakshi too is engrossed in the antics of the brainless—creatures who function as gut and groin, and who open their mouths to howl. Caricaturing their humanity and setting them into impossibly wild motion gives them no particular claim on our attention. I know it's supposed to be satire, but the object of attack is below the horizon of that weapon. What comes across is boredom. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Time and history play an important role in the consideration of art and entertainment. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was suppressed by the police as a scandalous play when it was first produced in New York in 1905. The "satire" in the Kaufman-Gershwin musical, *Of Thee I Sing*, deemed sharp and bright in 1932 would seem less than mild today.

Mart Crowley's *A Breeze from the Gulf*, for a current example, comes too late (Eastside Playhouse). If it had been produced in the early 1920s, it might have been hailed as a bold and powerful drama probing the tragedy in a small-town family of our Southland. It is still a truthful play but its revelations of our history now seem almost trite. It is chiefly relevant to its author, who wrote *Boys in the Band*. It appears to be autobiographical.

It is about a youth who has the misfortune to have an alcoholic father and a mother addicted to drugs. Daddy manages a cigar stand in a honky-tonk saloon-poolroom. He and mama are by no means "bad" people; the mother in particular is deprived of normal outlets for her feelings and possible capacities so that she becomes overdependent on her son for affection and perhaps overindulgent in offering it. Father is narrow and ignorant in his Catholicism, obtuse in his notions of paternal discipline and in what constitutes proper domestic behavior and recreation. Each parent complains of the other's weakness, their squabbles taking on ever greater acrimony and violence. In short, the family founders in the stagnation which always breeds pain and rot.

Honestly written without recourse to devices of sensationalism, the play possesses verisimilitude. In the second act there are touching moments of pathos. One instance is the scene in which the youth prompts his dying father in the recital of the Act of Contrition. After the words have been spoken, the man confesses that he never before understood what they really meant. The scene is telling, even though one is not cer-

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tain whether he means to say that he was always in the dark about the ritual of his religion, merely submitting to it by rote, or that only now when he is dying has he come to understand the import of such words.

A half century ago, such a play would have been "new," strong and necessary. For though our poets (Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, to go no further back) had begun to show that bleak tragedy was part of the American scene as much as it was of foreign parts, it was only with O'Neill that this was "revealed" to the theatre-going public. But today the bare facts of realism to be vitally arresting have to be deepened, broadened and heightened more than they are in the Crowley play.

The cast and direction do justice to the play. Ruth Ford is especially vivid in conveying the astringency, impotence, suppressed anger and defiance common among women who try to achieve hopefulness and cheer without any sustenance from the communities and families in which they live.

For many years, indeed for most of its history, the working class has been neglected in the English theatre. For that reason the advent of the new English playwrights of the 1950s and 1960s added strength and significance to the English stage. America had its "workers' theatre" in the 1930s, but with few exceptions it was tendentious rather than convincingly descriptive: "workers" were presented for purposes of social and political propaganda. The English playwrights aim to reveal them for their own sake and as part of a condition of mind and spirit characteristic of their country as a whole and with perhaps even wider reference to the Western world.

Among these English playwrights David Storey is remarkable in that in *The Changing Room* and more especially in *The Contractor* he shows us workers *at work*. *The Contractor* is now being given under the auspices of the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn at a new *Manhattan* playhouse at 407 West 43rd Street, another addition to the increasingly valuable off-Broadway theatre movement.

The Contractor presents five workmen and their foreman. They are nonunion men, presumably the sort who would be unemployable anywhere but in the job we see them performing. They have been hired to set up a tent on the grounds outside Mr. Ewbank's house in Yorkshire. Mr. Ewbank is a contractor for similar construction jobs, whose daughter is about to be married, and the tent is to be used as a place for dancing and drinking after the ceremony. Most of the play's physical action is devoted to putting up the tent and to its later dismantling.

This in itself has a certain fascination, but the core of the play is contained in the depiction of its characters. The workers are a rather feckless and callous lot with little interest in their job or, for that matter, in anything but keeping themselves alive. The "nicest" of them is a retarded youth who stammers terribly and smiles sweetly when the other mock him for it. There is an Irishman given to harsh jocularity, evidence of a basic indifference or contempt for everything; there is a dun fellow, disheartened by his wife's infidelity, and still another bloke, representing the mean average of the group, who lives without hope and without complaint. Their more "respectable" foreman, a man with a large family, served time in prison for embezzlement.

Mr. Ewbank, their "boss," is a man who has worked hard all his life with no ambition other than to extract a secure position from his long effort. He has a kind of remote affection for his daughter, contempt for his educated son who is always leaving home and always returning because he doesn't know where to go or what he hopes to find—except that it must be something other than the colorless and emotionally mute surroundings of his father's household. Mr. Ewbank's father, now doddering, keeps recalling his young days nostalgically, though it is clear that as a handicraft worker he labored under conditions far more onerous than anyone would now tolerate. He is "Old England."

The senior women accept the morose world which has been created for them with dutiful resignation. Mr. Ewbank's daughter enters upon marriage with a young physician with the easy skepticism which her upbringing and the atmosphere of the day inspire.

Storey demeans his characters no more than he flatters them. His play is neither heavy nor depressing: its tone is one of sour humor. Everyone is at a dead end; the pervasive sentiment is that of an unavowed courage. No one is truly indignant, no one seems to expect that he or she has cause to demand more from life. This, in brief, is what a great many people in England (and possibly elsewhere) feel to be their position at the moment. It is not even silent despair but rather a blank stoicism without metaphysical or religious solace.

Storey depicts the Yorkshire landscape in a laconic style that is most expressive of it. Its sound is entirely authentic. This is a limited realism, but salutary in its own way, especially in view of the present silence in our own theatre. When I first saw the play three years ago in London, I complained that it lacked the richness, resonance and wide human scope of Maxim Gorky's treatment of corresponding themes and milieux, but I now believe that such reference is a mistake: the parallel is quite inexact.

The production at the Chelsea Manhattan Theatre does not have the hard fiber of the one in England. There is something akin to sweetness in the American performance. A picture originally painted in a slatelike pigment now seems to have become a pleasant water color—which may be more suited to our taste. Certainly the production, in its direction by Barry Davis and its acting, is on the whole excellent. I found John Wardwell as Mr. Ewbank, Neil Fitzgerald as his father, Anne Ives as Old Mrs. Ewbank, Kate Wilkinson as Mrs. Ewbank, Joseph Maher as the incorrigible Irishman and Kevin O'Connor as the "half wit" outstanding. *The Contractor* merits a visit. □

PERSONALS

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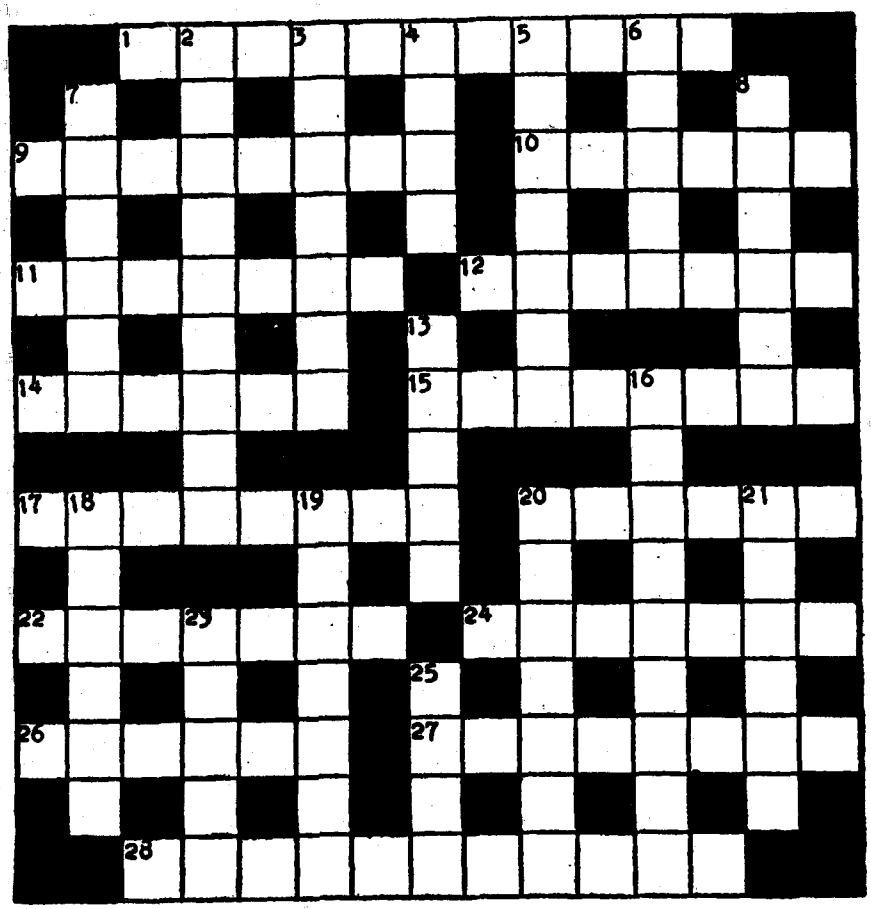
Crossword Puzzle No. 1510

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Fifth of well-appreciated vintage started out to be associated with this, perhaps anticipating a celebration. (1,3,7)
9 See 6 down
10 Luther's fortress so-called. (6)
11 One wouldn't believe the expected things at this place, having a small but annoying ailment. (7)
12 Small southern state clique, evidently widening out. (7)
14 Jumped up and told all about public relations. (6)
15 Real gain might be made by such a one. (8)
17 Tie this? The flame is obviously no longer alive. (4,4)
20 Composes a few lines for the ceremonies, as one hears. (6)
22 Assuming different shapes—at least one part is changed. (7)
24 Makes an arrest, perhaps, though the female tourist is warned to look out for them in certain European cities. (7)
26 Goes along the edges of women's garments. (6)
27 Reputed bestsellers. (8)
28 One probably wouldn't complain because there were holes in it! (5,6)

DOWN

2 A tricky bridge player might, though an imposter could present it on calling. (5-4)
3 One might be a poem Wilde wrote here. (7)
4 and 13 Thereby it's a cop of a different sort! (4,5)
5 Mix a gimlet—it's good for a certain interval of delay. (4-3)
6 and 9 across Should such a founding father thank Providence? Quite the opposite! (5,8)
7 If you don't know the answer, you might hand something over. (4,2)
8 Lines of verse from Turkistan, Zanzibar, etc. (6)
13 See 4 down
16 One might expect them to be covered with drops of water, when a car is not prepared for them. (9)
18 How Archimedes cried, I have found. (6)
19 Slips away, though its appearance pleases. (7)
20 It might be a summons for a game of cards with the French. (7)
21 Old-fashioned N.Y. transport doesn't appear odd just after ten, but it is! (6)
23 Tossed over, by the sound of it. (5)
25 Smart bird, not to know! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1509

ACROSS: 1 Sleight-of-hand; 9 Uncle; 10 Louisiana; 11 Dynasty; 12 Tympani; 13 Norms; 14 Stand fast; 16 Backstage; 18 Bagel; 19 Abolish; 21 Splints; 22 Detonator; 23 Amino; 24 Carriage trade. DOWN: 1 Sounding boards; 2 Eccentric; 3 Greases; 4 Tally; 5 Frustrate; 6 Assumed; 7 Drama; 8 Radio telescope; 14 Spaghetti; 15 Argentina; 17 Spinner; 18 Ballast; 20 Optic; 21 Shrug.

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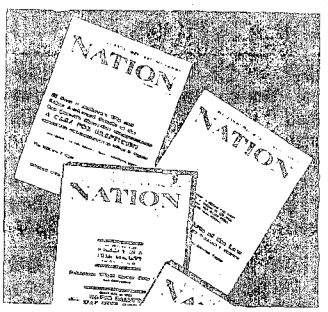

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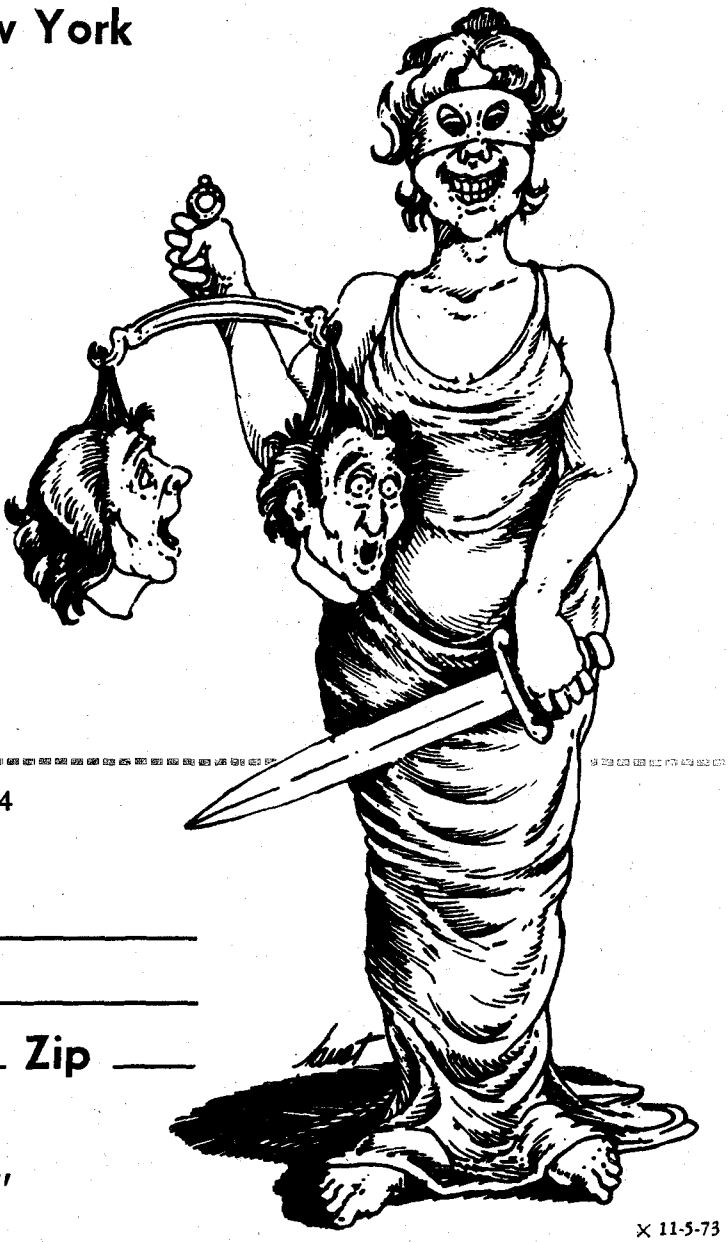

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